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WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY B. T.

The right in strength and honor to be free;
In daily work accomplished finding rest;
The right in "trivial round" a sphere to see;
The right in blessing, to be fully blest.

Right to be perfect, right to be pure,
Right to be patient and strong to endure:
Right to be loving, right to be good—
These are the signs of true womanhood.

LIGHT AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "THORNS AND BLOSSOMS," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

ONLY twenty-four hours before how Mabel would have trembled to find herself in such a position—would have trembled at the thought that she was barred and bolted out whilst all the household slept! But since the previous night she had suffered so much that she was almost calm at the prospect of passing the night in the summer-house.

"I suppose I can bear that after what I have just gone through!" said Mab to herself. "Oh, Dick, Dick, if you could but know what I am suffering now!"

But Dick was miles away, at Lord Bilstone's; nor would she be able to confer with him for many hours to come. Then a wild idea darted through her mind of going round to see if there was a light in Caroline's window, and if so, of throwing up a pellet of mould to attract her attention, so that she might beg her to open the door. But a moment's reflection convinced her that Caroline would not connect her with the figure in the garden—that she would instantly rouse the house, believing thieves were at hand. No; she must stay where she was till morning.

"Dear Dick," soliloquised the girl, "how little could you imagine what your venture would cost me! Oh, what is that?"

Catching her breath, Mabel shrank into the shadow cast by a tall shrub near which she stood, and presently came to the conclusion that the noise she had heard or fancied she heard was the wind of a bat brushing by.

She breathed now more freely, yet she listened intently, longing to gain the summer-house, where she could crouch on the seat and rest, and where she would at least feel more safe.

After the lapse of a few minutes the cool sweet air, the silence, and the subdued light calmed her.

"Surely I need not fear anything more!" she thought. "After escaping such dangers just now, why should I fear to stay here in the garden till morning? My father is gone—he said he should be miles away before morning—and that stranger too. It is not likely I shall meet with any one else."

Reasoning thus, to still the beating of her heart, she began to move towards the summer-house.

How pretty the garden looked in the moonlight! A nightingale began to warble in the woods behind the house.

The melody inspirited Mabel a little, bringing back to her something of courage and hope.

In two or three hours more the morning would dawn, the sun would rise—and sunrise meant safety. Oh, surely nothing would happen to her before then!

One o'clock! How distinctly the sound came to her from the village church! In three hours more it would be daylight. She hoped that none of the gardeners would see her out so early in the morning; but that was not very probable if she sat quietly within the summer-house, for only on the day before that part of the grounds had been swept and garnished, and the men had wheeled barrows and tools away.

Poor pretty Mab—she did not know how much she was trembling till she essayed to gain her oft-thought-of refuge! But she steadied herself by bush and tree, and, still keeping in the shadow, soon perceived the summer-house.

It stood upon a sweep of greensward, with clustering boughs to overshadow it, while patches of bright blossoms lay in full view before it. Mab gave a gentle sigh of relief.

"It seems silly to be so terribly afraid!" she thought.

The next moment she uttered a faint cry, impossible to repress, for, apparently asleep, before her on the grass lay a man. But he was not asleep, for he moved, and, springing to his feet, confronted her.

"Well, I never!" he cried, in the accents of a countryman. "Who be you, a-flittin' about here at this time o' night? Why, 'tis well-nigh two o'clock in the mornin'! Come—tell us your name! You're one o' the gals as lives in service up at the house, I reckin."

And, as Mabel, too terrified to answer, would have rushed back, he prevented her by stepping before her.

Without pausing to think, and without speaking, she dashed aside, since the path behind was barred, and succeeded in throwing open a small green gate which led into the road.

A panic had seized her. Overmastered by her terror, she ran she knew not whither.

The countryman pursued, and soon came up with the startled girl, and ill might it have fared with her if it had not chanced that a passer-by, accompanied by a magnificent dog, was at that instant walking along by the green gate.

The sight of a terrified young lady pursued by a rough-looking man arrested his steps at once.

"Oh, save me—save me!" cried Mabel, driven to extremity, and panting in the wildest terror.

"Be under no fear," said the stranger; "my dog would deal with two such men." Then, turning to the man, who would fain have slunk away—"How do you dare to follow the lady, you coward?"

"No offence, sir—my lord!" stammered the fellow, shaking in every limb. "I just asked the young lady what she was a-doin' in the garden at this time o' the morning', an' she run off like mad! She'd no call to fear me. I shouldn't ha' laid a finger on her."

"Be silent, sir, and quit this place, unless you wish to be punished for trespassing! You have no business here, and you know it!"

"I ask your pardon, an' the young lady's too, my lord," said the man humbly. "Fact is, I'd walked a good bit, an' I was tired, an' had to be early at work a mile or two on, an' I just turned in an' lay down on the grass; an' that's the long an' short of it, my lord."

"Well, be off now, and be quick about it!" returned the gentleman who had so opportunely come to Mabel's assistance. "My dog hardly seems to think you are here for any good—he never growls in that way when he trust a man."

"Keep him off, my lord!" said the fellow uneasily, edging away.

"Then you walk off, and remember for the future that it is not unusual for people to come out into their own grounds on moonlit nights, and that they are not on that account to be rudely treated."

"I won't offend again, indeed, my lord," whined the man, slinking away.

"Lion, stay here!" said the gentleman to his dog, for without this imperative command the creature would have followed the intruder.

Lion obeyed reluctantly.

"And now, pray, tell me what I can do for you," said Lion's master, turning gravely and deferentially to Mabel, who all this time had been leaning half fainting against the little green gate, quite unable to utter a word or even to move from the excess of her agitation.

"Is that man gone?" she faltered. "Are you sure that he will not come back?"

"I am sure that you need have no more fear. Of course I shall not leave you until you are in safety. May I repeat my question? Will you permit me to see you housed safely?"

"I—I live here!" gasped Mabel, in direst confusion and trouble, aware that her conduct must appear most strange to this gentleman, and sadly conscious that she must preserve silence on most points.

"You live here," echoed the gentleman—"here, at Mr. John Charlford's? But he has no daughters—he is not married."

"I am one of his nieces," stammered Mabel, more troubled than ever; "and he would never forgive me if he knew, if he should even discover, that I was here at this time of night."

"Indeed I am very sorry," rejoined the gentleman still more gravely. "Will you pardon me, Miss Charlford, for begging you to ask yourself whether it is right for you to place yourself in such danger as you were in just now—whether it is right for you to do what you are so well aware your uncle must gravely object to?"

"I—I did nothing wrong—nothing!" exclaimed Mabel, suddenly bursting into agonised sobs after the long strain that she had undergone.

Then, vainly attempting to explain as much as she dared, she stood before this grave gentlemanly stranger battling with her tears until the power of speech should come back.

Already she experienced a feeling of regret that she should seem regardless of right-doing in his eyes, and a great desire to clear herself in his estimation took instant possession of her.

"Do not distress yourself so greatly, Miss Charlford," he said more softly. "After all, it is not to me you owe any explanation, but to your uncle."

"To him? I dare not tell him one word!" sobbed Mabel; and again she was overwhelmed by the fast-coming tears.

It was strange that she felt perfect trust in the guardianship of her unknown companion; she was not even aware of his name, but instinct told her that he would afford her protection.

"I wish I could say anything to relieve your distress, but I fear that I only increase it when I urge you to confide in your uncle," said the stranger, with grave courtesy. "I am a neighbor of his. You must have heard of Wynmore Manor? That is my place."

"Then you know my uncle—you are Lord Wynmore!" cried Mabel, joining her hands in entreaty. "Oh, have pity on me, and be silent to my uncle! What good can it do to make me wretched? You have never had an uncle who made you afraid of him—who turned everything to your disadvantage."

And more tears—tears of real anguish—coursed down Mabel's lovely young face.

"My dear Miss Charlford, it is not for me to constitute myself your Mentor," said Lord Wynmore, repressing a smile. "It would be unpardonable of me to interfere between you and your uncle because chance permitted me to be of some slight service to you to-night. But I venture to repeat my advice that you should confide in your relatives, however stern, for they must have your good at heart. And you are yourself aware that it is running a grave risk to be out at this hour, even in your uncle's grounds."

"It was for Dick's sake," sobbed Mab—"for my brother's! See"—thrusting into view the box to secure which she had undergone so much—"this is the reason why I came out. Uncle John would never have forgiven Dick if he had found out that he had been fishing with his flies; but Dick took them; and then, poor boy, he forgot, and left them down by the pool, not knowing that he would have to sleep as well as dine at Lord Bilstone's and that my uncle would stay at home. So just before he started he begged of me to run down to the pool and get the box which he had forgotten, and I promised. How could Dick foresee that I should not be able to go till after I had said good night to my uncle, and how could I imagine that the house door would be locked before I could get back? And I dared not ring, so I resolved to stay all night in the summer-house; then nobody would know anything about it if I walked in quietly before breakfast, with my hands full of flowers."

"I beg your pardon for my suspicions just now," said Lord Wynmore, his grave manner becoming cordial. "I—I imagined—I feared that there was something more serious to occasion you to be out at this hour. Pardon me for wronging you even in thought."

"Dick will tell you how it was," murmured Mabel, blushing, for she was quick to divine that he had mentally charged her with being there to meet a lover.

"I shall not need to ask your brother Dick or any one else; I believe you," responded Lord Wynmore.

Mabel dried her tears and looked up. In the midst of her sadness and trouble this assurance gave her a strange pleasure.

She was wholly unconscious of how fair she looked in his eyes as she stood by the roadside beneath the faint moonlight, her beauty heightened by the emotion so plainly visible.

"Thank you for believing me, Lord Wynmore," she said softly. "You will be silent now about this, will you not? And I—I will stand behind the trees close to the arbor; it will be daylight in another couple of hours—and surely no one will frighten me again to night! Oh, I am so much indebted to you for saving me from that dreadful man! Good night. I will tell my brother how kind you have been."

"You do not imagine, Miss Charlford," returned he, "that I shall leave you here unprotected till dawn? Permit me to constitute myself your guardian for the remainder of the darkness. Then you may rest in perfect safety in the summer-house. Here, Lion"—calling softly to the dog—"go with this friend."

The animal immediately rose, looked fixedly at Mabel, and stood ready to obey.

"He will lie at your feet, Miss Charlford," continued Lord Wynmore; "and bold indeed would be the man who would venture to molest you. I will walk about here within call, so you may feel secure."

"But indeed," cried Mabel, "I cannot let you suffer such inconvenience, Lord Wynmore! I shall not be much afraid."

"But indeed," he responded, with a smile, "you cannot induce me to go. Do you suppose I should ever forgive myself if I walked on quietly, leaving you to whatsoever might befall? It would be impossible!"

"Oh," exclaimed Mabel, reluctant to give him so much trouble, "the dog would be sufficient guard! Would he not

go home alone?"

"He would go anywhere and do anything to find me," said Lord Wynmore, "and I assure you you would be safe under his protection; but I should be uneasy if I did not remain also. How could I go with any satisfaction and not know first that you are safe? Permit me then to remain outside the gate. Is it any great hardship to walk about a little while on such a delightful night as this?"

Mabel was touched by his persistent and delicate kindness. She expostulated no more, but, murmuring her thanks, turned towards the long-sought summer-house.

"I must have met your brother to-night," said Lord Wynmore, smiling. "Perhaps you and he and I may yet smile over this adventure. Go, Lion!" he added to the dog, who walked quietly after Mabel.

Poor child—for, despite her queenly height and her sixteen years, she was almost a child—she was worn out by her emotions and by the lateness of the hour! Very glad was she to sink upon the rustic seat, the feeling of security from possible harm contributing to bring repose; and soon, with the huge dog lying across the entrance to the arbor, Mabel's eyelids closed, and she slept.

And through the night Lord Wynmore paced up and down outside the little gate, treading softly on the grass which bordered the road lest he should awaken her who, he trusted, slumbered within the arbor.

"She is hardly grown up. What a beauty she will be; and as yet she is as unconscious as a child!" he mused. "Who would have thought that her uncle was such a martinet? Why, she has a mortal dread of him!"

Wild dreams came to Mabel as she lay on the bench within the arbor. She dreamed that she continually encountered her father in different disguises.

At one time she was at the seaside—gone thither to visit Netta and Isabel, who were buying seaweed of a tall dark man on the beach. The man was barefooted and wore a broad-brimmed hat; and, though she dared not glance at him a second time she knew him to be her father.

Drawing her sisters away, she ran home with them, hoping to hide from him, when, lo, her father sat on the doorstep in the guise of a soldier! Caroline too mingled with her dreams; she thought that her eldest sister had gone to London to do that stranger's bidding without telling any of them, and that she did not come back. Then, in her slumber, Lord Wynmore came to her, saying, "I have found your sister;" and a smile broke over her face at the thought; but the smile brought with it awakening. She opened her eyes, and perceived Lord Wynmore himself smiling at her.

Day had fully dawned—it was five o'clock in the morning.

"I ventured to come for a moment to say farewell," he said. "If I stay longer, it may lead to awkward surmises. So Lion and I must steal off. Ask your brother to come and see me, Miss Charlford, and tell him I have capital fishing in the river. Good-bye! I trust that you are a little rested?"

"Oh, yes, a great deal!" she answered, getting up hurriedly from the bench, while a lovely blush suffused her fair face. "Then it was all true, what happened last night? I thought it was a dream! Good-bye, Lord Wynmore. Dick will come and give you his thanks and mine!"

She put her hand into his for a moment, and, as he turned away, followed by Lion, he thought he had never seen a more enchanting face.

Three-quarters of an hour later, Mabel, watching from afar, perceived an upper window thrown up. One of the maids was astir; they would soon all be moving about, the house door would be opened, and she would gain her own room before her absence from it was suspected.

"Did it all really happen—all those dreadful things—last night?" she said to herself. It seemed impossible in the warm sunshine, with the lark singing so blithely overhead. "But there was something which was not dreadful. I must think of that too, to save me from losing my senses," she went on. "That dear Lord Wynmore! I wish he had been my uncle—I could have told him everything. Oh, what did it all mean—my father's disguise, Caroline's interview with that stranger? How can life go on after this?"

She got up, still tremulous, and, venturing from beneath the sheltering boughs, culled a handful of flowers. Presently—oh, joyful sight!—she saw the hall door open, Mason stand for a moment or two in the portico.

"As soon as he is gone I will run in," decided Mabel.

She had not long to wait; Mason gave a look at the sky, then at the lawn, and disappeared.

Now was her time! Treading lightly on the grass, devoutly hoping that she would not be seen, profoundly thankful that she had a thin cloak on which hid her evening dress, Mabel soon reached the house which she had left so many hours before.

No one was in the hall, no one was on the staircase; and Mabel hurried on. Was she to escape unseen after all?

No; at a turn in the up-stairs corridor she met a housemaid, who started at sight of one of the young ladies up and dressed at that hour.

"Why, you are early, miss!" she cried, looking at the flowers that Mabel carried.

"It it such a lovely morning! I—have not been far!" stammered the frightened girl.

Then at last she reached her own room, where she took off her evening attire and began to arrange her toilet. Now, she could try to think what she must do, also what she must say to Caroline. Before, it had been impossible; her whole world had been overturned since yesterday.

She sat down in an easy-chair by her open window, wondering if she might venture to say that she did not feel well enough to go down to breakfast?

But that would never do! How would that accord with the fact that she had been out so early to gather flowers. No; she must appear at breakfast in company with Caroline and her uncle.

Oh, when would Dick return? She must keep up the semblance of being her usual self, otherwise, if she stayed in her room, she would lose the chance of seeing Dick.

"I think he had better speak to Caroline instead of me; perhaps she will listen to him," thought Mabel. "Oh, how dreadful it all is!"

The gong sounded loudly at that instant, and Mabel, fearful of being late, steadied her trembling limbs and went down-stairs.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Mabel entered the breakfast-room, where Caroline was already preparing to pour out the coffee and her uncle was opening his letters, she felt thoroughly unstrung, and unable to regard ordinary troubles as trifles.

So, when uncle John looked up from the page he was reading, remarking with a sneer, "Here comes my dumb niece!" Mabel, instead of taking it quietly and looking upon it as a matter of course that her uncle should attempt to annoy her, was guilty of the very unusual folly of bursting into tears.

"This is something equally new and agreeable. What a charming inmate I shall have under my roof for the next month," observed uncle John with a biting accent. Then to his elder niece—"Caroline, may I trouble you to give me some cream, and to move a little to the left, so that you may avoid eclipsing all the sunshine?"

Caroline, who was generally tranquil in any circumstances, instantly complied, doing so with a smile, and making no noise or fuss in shifting her plate, cup, knife and fork, farther to the left.

Mabel, choking back her tears, glanced at her sister wonderingly. How cool and calm she was. There was not a mark of trouble on her brow—no sign whatever of the burden she must have to bear in carrying in her heart the knowledge that she could not ask her father's sanction to her engagement to that stranger.

"How can she bear it?" thought Mabel, still eyeing her sister; and at that moment Caroline, chancing to look up, met the gaze so full of fear and bewilderment.

"Do you want anything, Mab?" she asked, with a half-smile.

"She can smile," said Mab to herself. "Oh, how can she?"

"You look as if you were puzzled at something or other, Mab. What is it?" continued Caroline serenely.

"Nothing—now," replied the girl in a low tone, while hoping that her uncle's attention was engrossed by his letters. But in this she was mistaken.

"I must say your demeanor this morning puzzles me," he observed, in his usual cold rasping voice. "You look as if something had frightened away your senses; and your reply to your sister's trivial question is full of mysterious meaning. May I ask what has happened?"

Thus addressed, Mabel's confusion and evident trouble of mind increased tenfold. She colored painfully, tears rushed anew to her eyes, she trembled visibly, and could only stammer out—

"I am very tired uncle. I—I am not well."

"Tired—and not well! Those are hardly excuses for behaving in such an unusual manner. However, if you are fatigued, pray go to your room and remain there until luncheon. When you are fit for society you may reappear."

Poor Mabel! She scarcely had power to restrain any further expression of her trouble.

"Well, Caroline," said her uncle, taking up one of his letters on which there was a foreign post-mark, "you will be glad to hear that your father had a good journey. He has written en route for Frankfort, and he must have got the letter posted a little before his arrival there for it to have reached us so soon."

Caroline, all attention, was about to make a suitable rejoinder, when startled Mabel, looking with affrighted eyes at her uncle, called out—

"Is that letter from—from my father? Has he really written?"

"Have I not just informed you that I have heard from him?" replied uncle John coldly.

"And he wrote from near Frankfort?" cried Mabel in amazement.

"Yes; he was not far off that place," answered uncle John. "May I inquire whether your evident astonishment proceeds from ignorance of the locality?" and he paused, awaiting her reply, whilst regarding her fixedly with anything but favor.

"No, uncle," faltered the girl with downcast eyes.

"Really I must confess your conduct surprises me this morning," said her uncle, turning from her with disdain.

Then, as if to make her feel that she had nothing in common with him, and that her very presence was an annoyance, he began a conversation with Caroline upon the news of the day.

Mabel sat still, bewildered. But, though she remained silent now as to the real cause of her distress, she had already decided what she would do.

She would speak to Caroline that very morning, immediately after breakfast, before her courage ebbed away, but she would be silent about her father until she had taken counsel with Dick.

Then, when her father was once more at home, she would go to him—she and Dick together—confess that she had been at the boat-house, and why, and beseech him to tell her what he was doing there, and to let her and Dick help him if he was in any trouble.

Surely that must be the right way to act. All about that other secret which she knew existed, though she knew not what it was, she would let remain unspoken of, since that would rouse her father's anger, and prevent him from confiding in her. Perhaps a year or two hence she might confess how near she had been to knowing it; but not now—not now.

Her brain was throbbing with the effort to understand how it was that her uncle John had had that letter from her father. Even across the table she could recognize the handwriting—that was not disguised—and the envelope was undoubtedly from abroad.

Had her father then taken a journey merely to post that letter, in order that he might impress on them all the belief that he was going to Frankfort?

But even then it was unaccountable, for he would not have had the time to travel back so as to be in the boat-house on the previous evening.

And that it was he who was there—he, and no other—Mabel was assured. Yes, there was a secret, and the poor girl had an uneasy feeling that it was a terrible one.

But of what kind?

Ever since she could remember, her father had held up his head among his fellows, had been welcomed in county society, had been respected in the neighborhood.

He had lived the life of a prosperous, well-born English gentleman—one with whom people of rank and wealth willingly consorted.

His footing in the place was good, his prosperity unquestioned. If he had not been a kind father, he had at least been a careful one.

His house was well ordered, his outward life without reproach. What then was this dark and hidden thing connected with him?

These were Mabel's reflections as Caroline and her uncle chatted on, leaving her entirely out of the conversation.

Oh, how could her sister smile so serenely and respond so carelessly when that stranger had stolen her affection, and she was ready for his sake to leave them all?

A sudden wild desire to see her father took possession of her. She would ask uncle John to let her read it, even though she might make him still more angry.

With unconscious entreaty she fixed her eyes upon him, and, as he happened to look across the table at that moment, his eyes encountered her appealing gaze.

"Well, Mabel," he said with a derisive smile, "I shall imagine you are rehearsing for some tragedy if this peculiar behavior continues much longer. Does that tragic air mean that you have something to ask me?"

"Yes—yes, uncle," she stammered. "I want to read—I mean, I should be very glad if you would let me see father's letter."

"Is that all?" he rejoined, tossing it carelessly towards her. "One would have supposed that you had your life to beg, at the least."

Then with the utmost unconcern he resumed his conversation with his elder niece, while Mabel, bewildered more by his permission to see the letter than she would have been by his refusal, eagerly read the few lines from her father, which ran as follows—

"My dear John—I write in great haste to let you know of my safe arrival. Thus far I have had a capital journey and pleasant fellow-travelers. Coming away so hurriedly as I did, I had hardly time to thank you for taking Dick and Mab and Caroline off my hands. Don't let them give you too much trouble. Really you are very good to be willing to take charge of them for so long. No time for more. I will write again in a few days. Hope all is well with you.

Your affectionate brother,
R. CHARLFORD."

Every word Mabel read only increased her bewilderment. She was so absorbed in her conjectures that she did not notice her sister and her uncle rise from the table, but still sat with the letter in her hand.

"If you have had time to peruse those few lines, I will trouble you for them," said uncle John in his most severe tone.

Mab sprang up, startled.

"Thank you, uncle," she said, returning the letter. "And, oh, do tell me, when is my father coming home?"

Even Caroline looked at her in astonishment as she asked this, for there was longing in her tone, and it was a new thing for any of Mr. Charlford's children to find the time long before his coming home when he went on a visit.

"How inexplicable you are this morning, my dear niece," cried uncle John. "I am sorry I cannot fix the date of your father's return, but it will be somewhere about this day month, as I think you know already." And gathering up his newspapers and letters, he prepared to quit the breakfast-room.

"Wait a moment, Caroline—wait!" Indeed I must speak to you!" entreated Mabel, in a voice broken by emotion, when the two girls were left alone after their uncle's exit.

"What can be the matter with you, Mab?" said Caroline. "What can you have to say to me? But whatever it is it must wait, for you surely heard uncle John arrange with me to ride to Bilstone Hill Farm this morning. It is a long ride, and I shall only just get my habit on before the horses come round."

"To Bilstone Hill Farm? Then you will not be home again till luncheon?" gasped Mabel.

"Certainly not; nor must I stay talking now. Do try to come to your ordinary senses before uncle John sees you again," returned Caroline severely; and, so saying, she hurried off to dress.

Many a day afterwards all those trifling incidents recurred with bitter remembrance to Mabel.

All through the hours of that sweet summer morning, whilst her elder sister was riding along the pleasant green lanes and through the woods which led to Bilstone Hill Farm, Mabel lay on her bed, with closed door, thinking, trying to unravel some part of the mystery which had suddenly enveloped her father's actions.

At every noise outside in the warm air she listened for the sound of Dick's voice. Oh, that he would come now whilst she could talk to him without interruption.

But Dick did not come. One, two, three hours passed away, at the end of which Mab heard the clatter of horses' hoofs, and, running to her window, saw her sister and uncle dismounting.

The gong would sound in ten minutes for luncheon, and it would almost be accounted treason in her not to be ready. In hot haste she smoothed down her thick tresses then ran down stairs, and in another quarter of an hour she was seated at luncheon, while uncle John talked to her sister about the farm they had ridden to look at.

"Who is that?" he cried, as a step sounded outside on the gravel walk, and a tall figure passed the window.

"It is Dick!" exclaimed Mabel, jumping up to meet him.

"May I ask you to sit down?" observed uncle John. "There can be no reason to run out to welcome your brother as if he had just returned from an Arctic journey. It is too ridiculous! Allow me to remind you that he has merely been on a visit of pleasure to a place a few miles distant."

Thus rebuked, Mabel hastily resumed her seat, and then Dick entered.

"I hope you had a pleasant party at Lord Bilstone's," said uncle John coldly, fixing his eyes on his nephew; "and I also hope you took the trouble to make yourself agreeable to your host and his guests?"

"I tried to do so, uncle," returned Dick good-humoredly. "You cannot imagine what a queer old body I had to take down to dinner; but I chattered to her about everything I could think of—I did indeed, uncle."

"And pray who was the queer old body?" asked uncle John, manifestly displeased.

"A portly dowager, uncle—the Honorable Mrs. Hatchly. She is as silly an old woman as I ever met; but yet I tried to do my duty and make myself agreeable."

"Your opinions are modest both of yourself and of the lady," remarked his uncle freezingly. "Mrs. Hatchly is a most estimable woman of a very good family. Well, and who else among Lord Bilstone's guests had the misfortune to be silly?"

"I liked one man there very much," said Dick, coloring, and trying to say something pleasant of somebody. "I think you know him, uncle. A man about seven or eight-and-twenty, handsome, and with the air of a prince—Lord Wynmore. Everybody seemed to think a good deal of him."

"Everybody does think a good deal of him," replied uncle John, with emphasis; "and with reason too, for he is not only of a distinguished and ancient family, but he is very nice himself. He has youth, wealth, good looks, and most attractive manners; added to which, he has travelled all over Europe and America. She will be a fortunate girl who becomes Lady Wynmore, and so all the girls' mothers appear to think. Lord Wynmore is persecuted with attentions, and is now afraid to do more than speak to any young lady. And so you too honored him with your liking, my dear nephew? Really your discernment does you credit."

As uncle John generally made all his remarks disagreeable when addressed to his nephew or nieces, Dick was so far inured to this habit of his uncle's as to eat his cold beef and salad with some sort of relish; but he did not continue his observations on the people he had met at Lord Bilstone's.

Mabel however was thrilled with intense emotion at the mention of Lord Wynmore's name—Lord Wynmore—he who had been so kind, so chivalrous to her in her dire perplexity—he who had all the world at his feet, and who yet had passed the hours when Dick and every one else was sleeping in pacing up and down the road keeping guard over her!

She held down her sweet young face that her blushes might not be detected. Ah, how little could Dick guess that she, Mabel, his young and ofttimes despised sister, had come into contact with this hero—that she had talked to him, made friends with his noble dog, and that she had an invitation for Dick to go and see him!

"I don't care much for my fellow-creatures when they are of the ordinary type," resumed uncle John; "but when they are of Lord Wynmore's stamp they are worth cultivating. I suppose he did not talk to you, eh?"

"Oh, yes, he did a little!" replied Dick. "We talked about swimming. But I don't suppose he would know me from the man

in the moon."

"With what clever similes you interland your conversation!" exclaimed his uncle. "The man in the moon is a senseless illustration. However, I ought to be aware of what degree of culture I am to expect from my nephew and nieces by this time! Allow me to advise you, Mr. Dick Charlford—if the chance comes in your way—to make an effort to ingratiate yourself with this Lord Wynmore, as it is a credit to any young man to be considered one of his friends."

"Oh, uncle, he would suppose that I was making up to him because he has a handle to his name and a large rent-roll; so I shall not trouble him with friendly advances!" said Dickhastily.

"We will hear what your father has to say to that, Mr. Dick," rejoined his uncle almost savagely.

The sound of a horse's hoofs and of a ring at the front entrance came just in time to prevent further strictures.

"Who is it at this hour?" said Mr. John Charlford impatiently.

"Lord Wynmore," announced a manservant, opening the door of the dining-room and ushering in a tall and extremely handsome young man, with so distinguished an air that few could have passed him by unnoticed.

Immediately the face of the master of the house underwent a sudden transformation; smiles wreathed his lips as he rose and went forward to greet his visitor.

"This is very kind of you, Lord Wynmore," he said. "I am very glad to see you."

"Thank you, Mr. Charlford," returned the young man, in a pleasant voice. "I have promised myself the pleasure for two or three weeks past of riding over here, and thought I might probably find you at this hour."

"Yes, I confess I generally eat luncheon; but then here we breakfast at an early hour." Then, as Lord Wynmore looked at the ladies of the party as if asking for an introduction, Mr. Charlford added, "Let me present my niece Caroline and my nephew Dick, who was just telling me when you rode up that he met you last night at Bilstone Court."

Lord Wynmore bowed to the young lady and shook hands with Dick, and then seated himself in a chair by Mabel.

The feelings of the girl were indescribable. To be so near her hero and not to speak to him—not to be thought of sufficient account to be introduced! But all the time she was thinking, "Why does he come here to-day? Is it because of our meeting last night? Has he come to find out what became of me?"

And, as her thoughts took this turn, Lord Wynmore said to her uncle—

"May I ask to be presented to this young lady also? Is she not one of your nieces?"

"Ah, you see the likeness then?" responded Mr. Charlford. "Yes, she is my younger niece Mabel—or Mab, as we call her—and she is still in the schoolroom."

"We may shake hands, I think, over our introduction," said his lordship, with a smile. "You have not yet been launched into the whirl of society in town, Miss Mabel?"

"Oh, no; as uncle says, I am still in the schoolroom!" she answered sweetly.

"Let me give you some chicken, Lord Wynmore," interposed Mr. Charlford.

"Thank you," the young nobleman replied; "but"—turning to Mab—"what are you eating, Miss Mabel? Let me get you some fowl—may I?" And then he did win a glance, though a fleeting one, from her shy, dark, lovely eyes.

By-and-by, when he addressed her again, she found courage to smile, and, when he asked her if she had ever seen the Haunted Glen, a place full of weird beauty, and she replied in the negative, he promised to show it to her, and to tell her the legend connected with it, if she would come over to the Manor with her brother or her uncle.

"And at this time of the year it is seen to perfection, for the Glen is like a fairy bower in June," added his lordship persuasively, bending towards her with a smile.

Mr. John Charlford was astounded. Lord Wynmore to take the trouble to talk to Mab—to wish her to go over to the Manor—to invent an excuse for her going! Was there some charm about the girl thus to bewitch the fastidious man of rank at their first interview?

CHAPTER VII.

IT WAS a long time since Mab had passed such a pleasant hour in her uncle's house as that which succeeded Lord Wynmore's sudden appearance at luncheon, for his presence seemed to be the signal for harmony to take the place of discord.

Uncle John was unusually amiable, and when they rose from the table, he proposed that they all should repair to the lawn and eat their strawberries in the shade; and—wonder of wonder!—he added, turning graciously to Mab—

"Oh, you must come too, my dear Mabel; I can't let you go off alone to the schoolroom. You will find it much pleasanter with us under the cedar-trees."

What could it mean? To think of uncle John uttering so kind a sentence to her! She could not understand it; but, oh, how delightful it was to her not to be banished immediately from Lord Wynmore's society.

His lordship made friends with Dick too almost at once. Mab noted this with joy; and Dick, attracted by his manner, talked on gaily, almost forgetting his uncle's presence.

It was delightful under the cedar tree on the lawn; a light wind just fanned their faces now and then, and before them was the blue hills bathed in the afternoon sunshine.

In that moment Mabel, despite all that had occurred so recently, was happy again. Lord Wynmore chatted about all sorts of things, but he was content to listen when her uncle talked.

Mabel herself said but little, and, although their visitor did not single her out as the person to whom he chiefly addressed his conversation, he was as attentive to her as to Caroline, and a glow of pleasure pervaded her when she met his friendly smile.

"Let me persuade you to take this seat, Miss Mabel," he said to her; "it is more in the shade; also let me give you some more strawberries."

"This deserves following up," was uncle John's mental comment. "It may mean nothing, of course, still the possibility of such an alliance for a girl like Mab, is not to be disregarded."

"Do you ride, Miss Mabel?" asked Lord Wynmore presently.

"Sometimes—whenever I can," replied the girl, with shy pleasure.

"Well, if you are disposed to turn your horse's head in the direction of the Manor, you will find the park a capital place for a gallop. My sister is coming to play hostess soon, and then we are to have a fete. You must promise to come. You will, will you not?" he urged.

"I—I am not yet introduced, or it would be delightful!" cried Mabel, with a charming upward glance.

"Garden-parties are not like formal dinners, you know," he went on. "I appeal to Mr. Charlford. You will not refuse to come and help to enliven our little fete?" he added, turning to her uncle.

"You are very kind. I am sure we shall enjoy it," replied uncle John, secretly very much pleased.

It might be that his younger niece had made a conquest such as a duke's daughter might envy; if so, he was not the man to stand in the way of a family aggrandizement.

Caroline asked several questions about the projected fete, and learned that it was to take place in the ensuing month, before the roses began to fade or the nightingales had finished singing.

After a little while uncle John proposed that they should stroll into the shrubbery, where the green boughs made a cool archway, and where rustic seats were placed here and there.

And it was on the way thither that Lord Wynmore managed to say to Mabel, in a low tone—

"I trust all went well after I left you?"

"Yes—yes," she said; "but I have not yet been able to tell Dick."

It was but a few words they had exchanged thus hurriedly, whilst Dick was walking on a few paces in front in order to open a gate, and uncle John was imparting to Caroline that tea should be brought to them out of doors, but few as the words were, they seemed to confirm their friendliness—a friendliness how romantic, and which as yet even Dick did not dream of.

Presently Dick managed to whisper—

"Is it all right about the flies?"

Mab nodded, and her brother understood that it was certainly "all right," and that his uncle would never be enlightened concerning the box which he had hidden under the dock-leaves.

"I thought we were going to have a change in the weather last night," remarked Mr. Charlford, "but the sunshine has come back to us to-day. I was hoping to get an hour's fishing."

"Let him fish now," thought Dick, his mind at ease since Mab had restored the box of flies. "Uncle," he said aloud, "would you like to go on the water? It would be cool there, and the boat is ready."

"The very thing. What do you say?" said uncle John, appealing to Lord Wynmore.

"Indeed it would be very pleasant," replied his lordship.

And so the whole party walked down to the pool—to the very spot where Mab had trembled so on the previous night, and where she trembled anew at the recollection now, even in the sunshine, surrounded by friends. Could it have been that her father had here crept away out of sight like a thief?

"Oh, what for—what for?" cried Mab's heart.

While Dick brought out the cushions for the boat, the others stood by the side of the pool, and Mabel, glancing timidly at her sister, wondered how Caroline could take things with such apparent unconcern. Not a muscle of her face moved as she peeped in carelessly at the boat-house—there, where on the night before she had had the stolen and agitated interview with her lover. It was to Mabel something unnatural to be able to suffer as much as Caroline must have done and to wear such a smiling face.

"Are there many fish in your piece of water, Mr. Charlford?" asked Lord Wynmore, as they waited for Dick's signal to embark.

"Yes, a good many; and fishing is a sport of which I am very fond," replied uncle John.

Dick would have winced at the mention of fishing had he been uncertain at to the whereabouts of the box containing the flies, but now he smiled, and sent a grateful glance towards Mab.

"Now then, uncle, all is ready," he said cheerily, when he espied his knife, which he had thrown upon the grass after cutting a string which he could not disentangle.

Darting to the spot to pick it up, lest he should forget it and leave it there, his foot came into contact with something hard—something under the clump of dock-leaves where he had concealed the flies on the previous day.

Heavens! Had Mab left them there after all? Dick thrust his hands hastily among the leaves and drew out a small box—the identical one which Mab, by a nod, had intimated to him that she had taken back to the house.

Poor Dick was momentarily overwhelmed. Mab had ever been true as steel; and had she failed him now? But there was no time to ask the question; his uncle was impatient to enter the boat; and Dick, secreting the box in one of his pockets, whilst darting a reproachful look at his sister, was soon rowing them out to a shady part of the pool, where he rested on his sculls.

Lord Wynmore talked to Mabel a good deal on the water—told her of the foreign lakes he had seen, and of how much at home the Norwegian women are on their fjords; and Mab, interested and beguiled, did not at first notice Dick's troubled brow, but she soon perceived that something had disturbed him.

It was not till they were returning to the house—their uncle walking with Lord Wynmore and Caroline—that the brother and sister could exchange a word in private.

"What did you mean, Mab," said Dick, "by motioning to me that you had done what I asked you to do? You never deceived me before. How can I trust you again?"

"I did do what you told me, Dick," said Mab, with warmth. "I went to the pool and found the box, and took it back with me at what a cost you little know."

"Took it back with you?" cried Dick. "Why, here it is—look!" and he drew the box from his pocket.

"Oh, you frighten me!" said Mab, with wildly staring eyes. "I did find the box under the leaves, and I took it back."

"Nonsense! Don't you see it in my hand? If you took any box, it was not this one, and this is the one I hid under the leaves. What have you been at, Mab?"

"I don't know. I took back the one I found. Oh, Dick, who could have put it there?"

"I don't care who did; but I care to get this in its place before he discovers the loss," said Dick, indicating uncle John with a nod. "And I thought I had got so safely out of that pickle. Oh, Mab, how could you make such a mistake?"

"Did I make a mistake, Dick?" said Mab, with a bewildered air. "If so, it was no wonder, for, oh, so many strange things have happened! When can I tell you about them? To-night—it must be to-night!"

"Come out into the corridor after you are sent up to bed, Mab, and we can have a nice talk in the gallery. That'll do, won't it?"

"Beautifully, dear Dick," said Mabel, looking so moved that the young fellow wondered what had occurred. But he only said, in a low tone—

"You say you found a box under the leaves and took it into uncle John's room, Mab? Then that must be taken away at once."

"Yes, for I certainly put one there. But"—lingering behind so that her uncle should not hear her next words—"but guess where I was all last night, Dick?"

"Last night? Why, here, I should think! Where else could you be?"

"I was here, but not in the house," she answered, looking up at him. "The door was fastened when I got back from the pool, and I dared not ring, so I made up my mind to sit in the summer-house."

"Oh, Mab," interrupted Dick, quite startled, "how dreadful! You don't mean to say you stayed out all night?"

"Yes," she said nodding, "and I should have been terribly frightened and perhaps hurt by a rough sort of man who had turned into the grounds to sleep, but that, in running away from him out of the little green gate, I fortunately did so just as Lord Wynmore was passing along the road. It seems he was walking back from Lord Bilstone's. I called out, 'Save me, save me!' And he was so kind, when he understood why I was not able to get in, and that I meant to sit in the arbor till daylight, that he actually walked about all those hours to protect me from danger. Oh, Dick, he is such a thorough gentleman!"

Startled Dick could hardly repress an exclamation of dismay, surprise, and gratitude intermingled.

"My darling Mab!" he said. "And it was all my fault—mine!"

"No; it was on account of something else that I was too late to get in. Oh, Dick, it has made me feel so wretched; and if it is not explained I shall never feel myself again!"

"Hush—they are stopping! Uncle John is looking round at us," said Dick.

"Yes. We can say nothing more till to-night," she added hurriedly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EVERY one of the six daughters of a grocer named Schlecht, in New York, is said to have eloped in turn. Annie, the eldest, ran away when she was 21 years old, Amelia when she was 14, Caroline and Netta when they were 17, Adeline when she was 16, and Hortensia, a few weeks ago, when she was 12. Edward Russell, the hero of the most recent elopment, has been sent to prison for marrying a child.

Bric-a-Brac.

MOURNING.—The Israelites neither washed or anointed themselves during the time of mourning, which for a friend lasted seven days, and upon extraordinary occasions for a month. The Greeks and Romans spent the mourning period fasting. Black is by no means the universal emblem of grief. White was used in mourning for the imperial family in Constantinople in 323 A. D. White is the ordinary color in China; violet in Turkey, and brown in Ethiopia. White was the color in Spain until 1498.

THE BOYS.—A late writer observes that the expressions used by some boys and girls, if written as pronounced, would look like a foreign language. Specimens of boys' conversation like the following may be called short-hand talking: "Warejego lasnight?" "Hadder skate?" "Jerfind the ice hard'ngood?" "Yes, hard'nough." "Jer goerlone?" "No; Bill'n Joe wenter-long. "How late jer stay?" "Pastate." "Lemmeknow whenyergoin, woncher? I wantter go'nshowyer how to skate." "H—m, ficoodn't skate better'n you I'd sell out'nquit." "Well, we'll tryerace-'nseefyer can."

THE CHINESE.—Chinese sailors on leaving port attract the attention of their divinity by the loud beating of a gong, the burning of fire-crackers and incense sticks and casting food offerings in the water. All this is to ward off evil influences. When starting on a voyage, they consider it unlucky and the forerunner of foul weather to expectorate over the bow of their vessel. They have a strange custom of painting eyes on the bows of their craft, large and small, which are supposed to have the gift of sight by the superstitious; and when asked to explain the utility of the practice, they stop further inquiry by responding, "Suppose no have eye, how can see?"

SPIDERS IN JAPAN.—The spiders in Japan are reported to resent the competition of telegraph thread spinners in an original and effective manner. Spiders are one of the great obstacles to telegraphers in Japan. Filling the trees along the line, these insects spin their webs between the earth, the wires, the post, the insulators and the trees. When these wires become wet with dew, they constitute a good conductor, and the lines are found to be in connection with the earth. The only method of obviating this inconvenience is by employing brooms of bamboo to brush away the webs. But as the spiders are more active than the workmen employed in this work, the difficulty is not the less serious.

BAD WRITING.—Horace Greeley used to write a miserable scrawl. One day he sent the following to the Iowa Press Association—"I have waited till longer waiting would seem discourteous, and now decide that I cannot attend your Press meeting next June, as I would do. I find so many cares and duties pressing on me that, with the weight of years, I feel obliged to decline any invitation that takes me over a day's journey from home." Out of this the recipients, in consultation assembled, made—"I have wondered all along whether any squirt had denied the scandal about the President meeting Jane in the woods on Saturday. I have hominy carrots, and R. R. ties more than I could move with eight steer. If eels are blighted, dig them early. Any insinuation that brick ovens are dangerous to hams gives me the horrors."

THE OPAL.—A good old missionary being vexed with the heathen because they believed that who ever set out on a journey on mule-back on one of their festal days would come to grief, determined to cure them of the superstitious notion. For this purpose he gave out that on the next occurrence of the festal day he should start on a journey upon his mule. This occasioned great excitement, and a large concourse of the natives assembled to see him start. He mounted his mule and set out. Unfortunately the mule soon stepped in a hole, and fell to the earth with such violence as seriously to injure him. This of course confirmed the heathen in their superstition, and so discredited the missionary that he lost all influence with them, and was obliged to leave the country. The lesson which this missionary story teaches is obvious. Should one give his lady-love an opal engagement ring, almost any misfortune which should chance to happen to her might be taken as a proof of the ring's baneful influence.

THE GRATE.—The superstitions of the ages hang in classic profusion around every bar of the grate. Many fire lighters, without so much as a thought on the subject of causation, are still in the habit of placing the poker against the top bar, in the belief that it will make the fire "draw up." Directly the flame springs forth from amid the volume of smoke ascending the chimney, they will exclaim: "There! I knew that would make the fire burn," and if you were to remonstrate that the fire would have blazed up just as quickly without the poker, the fact would be indignantly denied. You must, we are told, not carry fire out of the house on New Year's Day or you will bring ill luck upon it. You must be very careful that the fire does not die out on one side of the grate or a parting, perhaps of a very painful character, will be the result. Another superstition in this connection says that the fire burning on one side prognosticates that those concerned in mending it are to find mates who boast only half the allotted number of eyes.

THE LETTER B.

BY WM. W. LONG.

Package of letters tender and sweet,
Stamped with the letter B,
As pure as the one who wrote them—
Has she forgotten me?
The walks and talks in the moonlight,
Music and waltz and whirl;
Red lips that were made for kisses,
Sweep of a golden curl.

All through one merry summer,
This mystic letter B,
Rested content within my life—
Much did it mean to me:
Of meetings under the gaslight,
A kiss and a loving glance;
Words sweet as far-off music.

Ah! nights that were made for loving,
And love was in the waltz,
And passionate pain at parting,
Just there the summer halts.
Yet my heart still bears the pressure
Of that loved letter B,
And locked are its love-bound portals—
That letter is the key.

FOR LOVE OF HER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIKE UNTO A STAR," "BRUNA'S STORY," "A GIRL'S DESPAIR," "TWICE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.—[CONTINUED.]

She drew Adelaide Elmore down into the chair from which she herself had risen, and sank down on a stool at her feet, leaning her beautiful tired head against her knee.

With her heart beating a little more quickly than usual, Addie waited, and by-and-by in the stillness of the little firelit room, Maud began to tell the story which Addie had so often longed to hear, and which sounded so sad and sorrowful when spoken in Maud's low, pathetic voice, and emphasized by the misery in her sweet, dark eyes.

And, save her brother's guilt, Maud hid nothing from her. She told her of a great sacrifice made for her by one who loved her, of her promise, so freely given, to reward that sacrifice by the devotion of her life, of the love which she had given to another.

She told her of her struggle to keep her troth plight, of the letter which told them that the man to whom she had promised fealty was dead, and of her marriage; and if she touched but lightly on this topic, Addie guessed that it was because she could not dwell upon it—her voice faltered and failed her when she tried to speak of her husband's goodness and tenderness; and when she told of the bitter awakening from her dream of happiness, the words died upon her lips, and the beautiful head sank lower and more heavily on Addie's knees.

When she had ceased to speak there was a long silence in the little room. She had said nothing of what passed between her and Doctor Blake, and it seemed as if she could not force herself to pollute her lips with the recital of the hideous love which was worse than bitterest hate; but Addie guessed much. Her bright eyes were not keen solely for crochets and quavers, and accidentals and sharps, and she had been quick to see what Maud had not herself observed.

She felt too keenly what a terrible insult this had been to Maud, to the proud, sensitive woman who, if she had left her husband, loved him so deeply and truly. She did not wonder at the agony of shame which she had suffered, and which had left her so worn and spent and exhausted; but to her clear, well-balanced judgment there was but one right course for her to pursue, but one way of repairing the wrong she had done.

"Addie," Maud's low pathetic tones broke the silence at last. "Tell me what to do."

Addie hesitated.

"You will not be angry with me, Maud?" she said gently, putting away the golden hair from the burning throbbing brow which rested so wearily against her face.

"Angry, Addie! With the only friend I have?"

"Not the only friend, dear; you have many if you would only let them be your friends."

"Not now. Even he would turn from me now," Maud said faintly, as the words Ernest Blake had spoken came back to her with fresh pain in the recollection.

"He turn from you, Maud? Your husband! Try him, dear," Addie said with soft boldness, and she felt the sudden start and tremor of the little cold hand in her own.

There was another little silence which Addie broke.

"Maud," she said gently, "I have never loved anyone; but I have wondered sometimes at the passion and power and life of real love. Nothing can alter it, death is powerless against it, for it lives beyond the grave. Do you think that a year, one little year's separation, can have destroyed your husband's love? Ah, I know that little year has been a very long one to you, dear, that it has seemed more like ten years than one, but after all only twelve short months have passed, and love that could not survive such a space of time as that is not worthy the name."

"But it has been repaid with such base ingratitude," Maud whispered.

"It can bear the test," Addie replied with a proud flush suddenly rising in her face. "Maud, in your place; shall I tell you what I should think?"

"Tell me, Addie."

"I should think whatever wrong my husband had done me, I owed him obedience and respect, that even if he had failed in his duty——"

"He did not fail," Maud said quickly.

"Even if he had failed," continued Miss Elmore with a little smile, "that was no reason I should fail in mine, from which nothing in the world could absolve me, that whatever he had done I owed him allegiance, that nothing could release me from the duties and obligations of my marriage vows."

They were daring words spoken with a beating heart, for the speaker knew Maud's pride, but bravely uttered and felt to the inmost depths of the brave, true heart of the girl who, although she had never loved herself, knew so well what love was, or rather what love should be, and took so lofty a view of the duties they owed each other who knelt side by side at the altar and exchanged the vows which so many take so carelessly and break so lightly.

And as Maud heard the words they smote upon her heart like blows.

Addie was right; she had sinned most grievously, most cruelly, she was to blame far more than he; he had yielded to a great temptation and had repented promptly. On yes he had repented; often and often she had wondered at the shade upon his brow, the passionate remorseful tenderness which now and then marked his manner; while she for a whole long year she had cherished her anger and resentment against him; she had stifled every prompting to pardon which had come into her heart; she had thrown aside her duties, she had left her husband to loneliness and sorrow, she had failed in her work.

He had sinned under great provocation, she had sinned in cold blood, and had hugged her sin to her heart. Her sin! her sins, for they were many; coldness, ingratitude, cherished anger.

All her love for her husband, which she had tried so vainly to stifle, came back to her heart, warming it into passionate tenderness once more.

Hitherto, when the yearning to see him, to have some tidings of him had come to her, she had forced herself to put it from her, and had thought of Arnold's suffering and the sacrifice he had made, and the reward of which he had been cheated; but now she remembered nothing but Ivor's love for her, and all he too had borne at her hands.

Addie's brave, truthful words had found a ready echo in her heart; she had always taken a high view of the obligations of married life; she had always believed that the disloyalty of one does not absolve the other from loyalty—that because one breaks his or her vows is no reason why the other should be exempt.

And yet, holding such precepts as these, believing in them firmly, what had her practice been? She had judged her husband with the sharpest judgment, she had left him in the cruellest anxiety and doubt. Could he in his turn forgive, she wondered or would he measure to her as she had measured to him?

But even if he did; since her duty was clear before her, she must write to him; she would tell him something of her sorrow and penitence, not all, ah, not all—she could never tell all she felt!—and she would ask him humbly if she might go back to the home she had left so recklessly, to the love and forbearance she seemed to have forfeited.

She lifted her head from its resting place on Addie's knee, and feebly raised herself and stood erect, steadying her steps by her hand on the back of a chair. Her face was still bloodless and haggard, but the stony look of horror had faded from it, and there was a look almost of peace in the sweet, dark eyes.

"Thank you, Addie!" she said gently, in a very low voice, and Addie understood all the word conveyed, for she sprang to her feet and caught Maud's hand in both hers, looking at her with an April face of smiles and tears.

"You are going to him, Maud?" she said eagerly.

"I will write," Maud said faintly. "Addie, how can I tell that he will care to see me again?"

"You are going to write, dear? Well, so be it. Perhaps it will be best."

She brought writing materials and placed them upon the table. She had already lighted the gas, and the room was bright with its light and that of the fire.

Maud sat down at the table, and took up the pen in her trembling little hand; as she did so, she recalled vividly that last letter she had written to her husband—the letter to be given to him after she had gone away the letter which told him she had left him for ever.

She lifted her sad eyes half-unconsciously and glanced round the room. She almost expected to see the dainty boudoir in which she had written that last letter, the costly furniture, the silken hangings, brightened by the chill, cold light of the spring sunshine, and the photograph of Ivor smiling at her out of its pretty, artistic frame. But a moment recalled her to herself again. This room was strangely different,—this room which had been her home for so many months.

And if that letter of farewell and renunciation had been difficult to write, if she had hesitated and faltered over it, how much more difficult was this one! How hard it was to say that she had erred and sinned, and that she had prayed for forgiveness.

Addie had taken up a book and had seated herself in a low chair by the fire; her face was bent studiously over the pages in her anxiety to prevent Maud feeling any embarrassment; but she was not reading. What romance, what history could be so interesting as this one in which she herself had taken part? What heroine could be more beautiful than Maud? Who could have suffered more? Poor Maud! Poor pretty, golden-haired Maud!

Once or twice, glancing covertly over the top of her book at Maud, she saw that the sheet of writing paper lay fair and virgin before her; as yet the little shaking hand had not traced one line, one word upon it. It seemed if Maud were hardly equal to the effort, for as she lifted her eyes and met Addie's fixed enquiringly upon it, she forced a tremulous smile to her white lips.

"I can't do it, I can't do it," she murmured faintly. "Addie, I dare not write to him!"

Addie soothed and sympathized, but her sympathy did not give Maud the courage she lacked; she sat looking white, haggard, and despairing, with the pen in her trembling fingers and the paper before her, until Addie herself almost despaired.

It was fully an hour before she could nerve herself to the effort, and then the few lines she wrote were so unsteadily penned as to be hardly legible. They were very few; she had put forward no plea for pardon she had urged no sorrow; she had said only this—

"Your wife hardly dares to write to you, Ivor. Will you come to her, or may she go to you, dear?"

She folded it with unsteady fingers and slipped it into the envelope, but when she took the pen to address the letter, it fell from her nerveless fingers, and she sank back faint and trembling in every limb.

"I can't do it," she murmured. "Addie, write it for me, dear."

And Addie did so, thus unthinkingly marring the victory she had won when she induced Maud to write the letter from which both hoped so much.

And the letter went, and the days passed on but brought no answer to the pathetic appeal.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE days passed on until ten days had come and gone since the letter had been posted, but no reply had come.

At first Maud had been patient; she had tried to work at her sketches, to perform her usual duties, to eat and drink and sleep; but when a week had passed, Addie's tender, sympathizing eyes saw how her face changed and saddened—how a great, yearning hunger came into her hollow eyes—how her lips quivered and her hands shook.

She grew strangely nervous, too; even the usual sound in the house made her start; a strange footstep in the passage drained the color from her cheeks and lips, a strange voice brought her little hand sharply to her heart, as if she felt a sudden pain there.

During Addie's absence at the High School she sat, listless and idle, trying in vain to devote herself to her work—to paint, to sew, and succeeding only in restlessly moving about the little rooms, making futile attempts at employing herself, and starting and trembling at every sound.

It was pitiful to see her, Addie thought when she came home—to see how for her friend's sake she tried to disguise her suffering and suspense; how she tried to talk about trivial matters, breaking off sometimes in the midst of a sentence, with a wild look of expectation in her eyes; and how, by-and-by, that would die out, and leave only a blind blank look of despair.

Addie guessed how intensely she was suffering by her own anxiety.

She, for Maud's sake, was keenly interested in the answer to the letter which they were so anxiously expecting, but of course her suspense was far less than Maud's; yet she—bright, busy, practical Addie—even began to grow thin, and nervous, and expectant, and to feel a keen sense of disappointment when Maud's wan, despairing face met hers on her return home, and the days sped away bringing no white missive bearing peace and reconciliation.

They did not speak of the disappointment to each other; Maud never mentioned it, and Addie did not like to do so; each must have seen the other's suspense and anxiety, but perhaps each felt that talking it over could not improve matters.

Sometimes at night Addie, waking from her sound healthful slumbers, saw Maud's wide open eyes shining in the small colorless face, and knew that her nights were sleepless and unrestful, and she began seriously to fear for her health.

Maud's thoughts were bitter ones in these days of early summer; she felt that her husband had condemned her, that forgiveness was impossible to him, that his love had failed under so severe a test; once or twice it crossed her that perhaps Ernest Blake's words had been true, and that he believed her to be infamous; but that thought was but transient, it made her cheeks burn and her eyes flash for a moment, but the next it passed as swiftly as it had come. Ivor was of too noble and truthful a nature to harbor such a thought.

She was so much alone during these terrible days, that it was small wonder if she brooded over the past, over the sweetness of their mutual love, over the happiness which seemed to have passed away from her for ever.

Never had she loved Lord Dereham as she loved him now, with such passion, such tenderness; she felt sometimes as if to feel his lips meet hers again in love, she would willingly give her life, the life which was such a weary burden now.

Her whole soul yearned for him with a yearning which could not be suppressed; she left heartbroken and hopeless in the face of this silence which it seemed was never to be broken.

The days grew into weeks but it remained unbroken; Maud, beating her heart out against this impenetrable silence, felt like a bird beating itself to death against the bars of the cage.

The sunshine seemed unbearable, the sweet June roses, attainable in Calton Square then, had lost their fragrance; she felt that if the winter had been upon the earth, with its chill winds and grey skies and storm, that she would have heeded it less; but the sunshine, the song of the birds in the little enclosure seemed to mock her misery.

In after years she wondered often that she had not gone mad.

No misery that she had suffered in the past equalled the desolation of these summer days. Her anguish at her brother's sin, her grief at Gwendoline's death, all faded into insignificance before this anguish.

Those were but pin-pricks, this was a sword-thrust. Even her misery at knowing that Lord Dereham had deceived her was as nothing to that aroused by the thought that she had lost his love, that he had rejected her prayer.

There was no room in her heart, or wounded pride, it was too full of anguish and suffering.

"Dear if you went to him," Addie whispered gently one night, when she had awakened to find Maud lying wide awake on her pillows, her slender form shaken with sobs, tearless, dreadful sobs. And she never forgot the misery of the voice which answered her, although it was but a whisper.

"It would be much easier to die!" Maud murmured with white lips. "So much easier to die!"

And as the days passed, and Maud drooped more and more, and her slender figure grew yet more slender, and her eyes appeared all the larger and darker from the size of the small, white face, it seemed to Adelaide Elmore that this easy solution would not linger much in the coming.

And yet it was so simple a thing which caused this silence—merely Maud's trembling fingers which had prevented her from addressing the letter to her husband!

If she had written the address, the pathetic little letter would not have been left unread, unopened, disregarded, in the anxiety and distress of mind Lord Dereham's household was suffering just then.

June passed and July came,—a hot, sultry month, airless and stifling, cloudless, and dry. Even in the country, under green trees and on soft turf, the heat was intense; in London it was almost intolerable.

The small rooms of the ill-ventilated houses in Calton Square were dreadful to Maud, who all her life long had been used to large, airy rooms and sweet, fresh country air; and sometimes it seemed to her she could bear it no longer, as if she must run out into the streets away from the crowded city, back to the sweetness and freedom of Ivyholme.

All hope of hearing from her husband had died out of her heart now; she no longer looked for a letter, she barely trembled at a strange footstep or voice.

A strange apathy seemed to weigh upon her. She seldom spoke, she never smiled, she did not touch her pencil or paint brush; Addie doubted if she had the physical strength to apply herself to anything, she was so weak and debilitated.

She made no complaint, however, she was very gentle and patient; but one morning Addie had found her lying in a dead faint on the floor of the sitting room, and had been urging her constantly ever since to have medical aid.

But Maud had laughed lightly as she refused, and sometimes when she was alone she would look at the little slender hand on which the wedding-ring hung so loosely, and smile to herself with a sorrowful air of satisfaction.

One evening they were sitting together in the little sitting-room, at the close of the hot, sultry day; the window was wide open, and Addie had been playing softly and languidly. It was too hot for anything but the dreaminess of Mendelsohn's Lieder, she had said when she began to play, and now she had left the piano and had sat down on a stool at Maud's feet, and they had been silent for a space.

"Addie," Maud said gently; "do you not wonder a little at my idleness? Are you not ashamed that I have left all the bread-winning to you lately, dear?"

"You have not, Maud; besides, you are not well."

"All the more reason that I should work before I am not able to do so any longer," Maud said quietly. "But I have thought of that day, Addie, and I think, provided for it."

She paused for a moment, then went on softly, smoothing the pretty wavy hair which rippled so prettily on Addie's brow.

"Yesterday, while you were at school, Addie—oh, how pleasant it is to have you home for a long holiday now—Mrs. Welford sold for me a ring which I chanced to have on my finger when I left—home," now the low sweet voice faltered as it uttered the word. "It was a valuable ring, one of his gifts, and she brought me quite a large sum, Addie, more than kind Mr. Viner could have given me for six month's work! So there will be plenty of money for a little while, Addie, and—and it won't be needed, I think, for longer than a little while."

"Don't, Maud, you hurt me," Addie said almost sharply in her distress.

"Do I?" Maud said gently. "You ought to be glad, dear, not sorry. It is a relief to tell you how glad I feel at the thought that soon its weariness will be over. I had so many happy years," she added, looking dreamily over the dusty, parched little enclosure which lay before the window, "years full of all kinds of good and pleasant things and they made me unfitted for the sorrowful ones when they came."

"But the sorrowful ones will soon be over; perhaps, Maudie," Adelaide Elmore said gently, her grey eyes dim with tears which she would not let fall.

Maud shook her head wearily as it rested against the tall back of her chair.

"I do not think so, dear; I am too tired to even hope so," she answered gently. "I think I can only look forward to rest now; it seems the only thing worth having."

She changed her tone as she went on, and spoke more lightly, although it seemed to her listener that the lightness and playfulness were even sadder to hear than the quiet hopeless intonation which had preceded them.

"I got through quite a lot of business, Addie, yesterday," she said. "Shall I tell you about it, dear? I wrote a long letter to my husband, which you will send him when I am no longer here. I told him among other things, Addie, a little of your goodness to me, and I asked him in memory of that goodness, to be a friend to you in the future—to take a little care of the generous girl who took such care of his wife when, through her own sin, she was friendless! You are such a lonely little woman, Addie, that I, although you are so independent, should be glad to think that you had an influential friend such as he will be to you."

"As you both will be, Maudie," whispered Addie through her gathering tears.

"And my father too will be your friend, Addie, for my sake at first and then for your own," Maud continued softly. "He is angry with me now, and justly so, but however angry people are, they always forgive the dead—they always forgive the dead! I could never tell them, Addie," she went on hurriedly, after a moment's silence, "if I tried for hours, days, weeks, what you have been to me, all that you have been to me. I cannot thank you, Addie, but I think of your goodness always. It—nay, don't stop me, dear! the tears won't hurt me, and I am glad, very glad, that I cannot speak of it without tears."

There were tears in the sweet dark eyes as she spoke, the first Addie had seen there for weeks now, and she put her fragile little hand on the bright brown head resting against her knee.

"And if ever he should speak to you of me, Addie, if he should ever speak of the wife who repaid his love so ill, tell him that I loved him truly, with all my heart, and that my last thought was of him. You will tell him?"

"Yes, I will tell him," Addie answered softly, with a new resolve and determination in her heart, which she would no doubt have carried into effect if it had been necessary, but it was not.

Suddenly, when they had ceased to speak for some time, a voice broke the stillness of the summer evening, and made Maud start to her feet with a wild gleam in her eye, a wild hope at her heart. Addie also rose, and stood looking at her in astonishment, as after standing a minute, as if turned to stone, she ran to the door, flung it open, and ran wildly out into the little passage.

A man, standing in earnest colloquy with Mrs. Wilford's servant, turned quickly at sight of her, and his face cleared of a heavy cloud of anxiety which had overshadowed it. Maud caught his arm and drew him into the little sitting room, closing the door behind them.

"You have come for me?" she murmured with a strange, wild look in her eyes. "He sent you—he sent you, did not he?"

"I have come for you, my lady," Nicholas said gravely, glancing round the little room and at Addie, who stood transfixed with astonishment. "Can your ladyship accompany me at once?"

Something in his tone and in his look, something of grave comparison and pity made Maud look at him with a wild affright.

"What is it? What has happened? The earl is ill!" she said breathlessly, all the rush of color fading from her cheeks, the light from her hollow eyes.

"His lordship is very ill, my lady," he answered gravely and coldly. "We have been very anxious. We feared we would not discover your ladyship until too late."

"Too late!" she breathed rather than uttered, her white lips so dry and parched that further speech was impossible.

Nicholas saw her anxiety: but he was too faithful and devoted a servant easily to forgive his lord's suffering.

"His lordship's condition is most precarious. There was an accident, and—but if your ladyship will be so good as to come with me, I have a carriage here."

"I will come! I will come!" she said faintly again; but stood helplessly still for a moment as if too dazed or to bewildered to move; but Adelaide, who had heard what had passed, hurriedly brought her some covering for her head,—it was too warm a night for a wrap—and Maud turned to accompany Nicholas.

On the threshold she stopped and, turning, caught Addie for a moment in her arms.

"Addie, pray for him!" she whispered almost inaudibly. "Pray for him and—for me!"

And before Addie could answer they were gone, and she was alone in the little room, which seemed so strangely empty without Maud, that excited and tremulous, the little music-mistress sat down and burst into tears, a very unusual weakness in the bright, self-possessed little professor.

"If he dies it will kill her," she thought to herself, with a sharp pang of pity and sorrow at her heart. "And that man looked so grave and sad! And he spoke so sorrowfully about being too late! Can it be that they have not had her letter? Can it be that all this time, when I have thought of him only as cruel, he has been unhappy too?"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IF NICHOLAS, in his fidelity to his master, had cherished many an unkind thought against the woman who had brought such suffering and sorrow in return for love and tenderness, he could not cherish them long when he saw the anguish which looked out of Maud's great, sombre-looking eyes, the piteous quivering of her pallid lips, although she bravely repressed every other sign of agitation.

She had desired him by a gesture to enter the carriage with her, and as they drove through the airless, sultry night, her eyes questioned him pitifully, asking mutely what her parched and quivering lips could not force themselves to utter.

His own words were few and to the point he was too deeply moved to be garrulous, too anxious to let her see how great his anxiety was.

Lord Dereham was very ill she learned, as they drove swiftly through the summer night, through the lighted squares and streets until they reached a busier thoroughfare where they were forced to drive more slowly.

He had met with a serious accident some weeks ago in London; he had been severely burned, but it was more from the effects of the shock to the system and disregard of proper care that he was suffering now.

He had left his bed before his hurts were healed, and he had traveled to Berkeley, where his strength had given way, and where he had lain ever since at Ivyholme under Doctor Kinsley's care but for which, Nicholas said with a shaken voice and a mist before his eyes, he would not have been alive now.

"And *we* are going to Ivyholme?" Maud said faintly.

"Yes, my lady. Heaven grant that we may be in time!"

"Why—why did you not send for me before?" the poor woman said, looking over at him with mute, upbraiding eyes.

"We did not know your ladyship's address," Nicholas said, stiffening at once as he remembered the long fruitless search, the months of anxiety which had so seriously impaired his lord's strength that he was unable to resist the ravages of the fever which had followed his neglected hurts.

"But I wrote," Maud said faintly as the carriage passed into Waterloo Station, where the lamps were lighted, and busy porters and waiting travellers jostled each other on the platform. "I wrote, Nicholas!"

"Your ladyship wrote?" repeated Nicholas, gazing at her with eyes full of amazement, and something not unlike incredulity. "His lordship did not receive the letter, I am sure, unless——"

The carriage had stopped, and they were obliged to alight. An express train at Whitfield was due to leave in five minutes, and Nicholas hurriedly explained that a special would be in readiness for them there to take them on to Berkeley.

Maud was quite passive, she seemed not to act of her own volition, but to allow Nicholas to take the lead and followed it.

He secured a compartment for her use, and carefully made every arrangement for her comfort, and Maud was too anxious and pre-occupied to notice that his manner had changed strangely within the last few minutes, and without losing an atom of its perfect respect had grown gentler.

As they sped through the peaceful country, over which the solumn hush of evening rested, Maud looked over at her husband's faithful friend, with wide sorrowful eyes.

"Are you sure the earl did not have a letter from me?" she said in a low tone.

"I am quite sure," Nicholas answered promptly. "My lady, if he had, it would have spared him much bitter suffering; he would not be, I am sure, so ill as he is now save for his anxiety and distress."

"And I wrote," she said passionately, "I wrote, and all this time——"

She paused, miserable as she was, his words had brought a sudden warmth to her heart. Perhaps, after all, he did not hate her as she had feared.

"May I ask when your ladyship wrote?" Nicholas asked gently.

"Some weeks, months ago, it seems years," she said passionately, trembling, as she thought of the terrible time.

"There has been no letter," Nicholas said in a troubled voice; "no letter."

"And the earl has wished for me?" the trembling woman said, with an eager light in the dark eyes which were fixed so pleadingly on his face.

"More than words can tell, my lady," Nicholas answered with a tremor in his grave voice. "There has not been a moment when his lordship has not longed for you."

She held out her shaking little hand to him.

"If you knew what good those words do me," she said unsteadily, "you would understand why I cannot thank you for them. He knows that I am coming now?" she added eagerly. "He sent you for me?"

Nicholas shook his head; the eager light died out of Maud's eyes; she looked at him beseechingly.

"His lordship was not conscious when I left him, my lady," he said rather huskily.

"Ah!" She fell heavily back upon the cushions, a great despair in her eyes as they rested on him; and they sped on silently through the quiet country over which the soft fair summer night was creeping, covering it with a gentle peace and rest.

Anxious, terribly anxious as Nicholas was, he omitted none of the attentions which were Lady Dereham's due, and which he might well be excused for forgetting under the circumstances, especially as Maud heeded nothing in her absorbing anxiety. She sat quite still as they sped on, but the restlessness and anguish in her eyes were pitiful to see, and Nicholas found himself forgiving her even for his lord's suffering, as he saw how great her own was.

At Whitefield the special train was waiting and a telegram for Nicholas, who glanced at it eagerly; but whatever its contents, they did not give him any comfort, and he did not show it to his mistress.

Presently, as they went swiftly on, through the oscillations of the quick little train, she turned to him.

"How did you know—how did you know where I was?" she said faintly.

"Doctor Kinsley received a line this morning," he answered quietly. "It just said that your ladyship was at the address at which I found you. It was not signed."

"How long has the earl been ill?" Maud faltered then. "Tell me of it, Nicholas. It seems as if my heart must break with the suspense."

"It is some weeks ago now, my lady, Nicholas answered sorrowfully. "His lordship has been out of health for some months, and did not take proper care, and some weeks ago in London there was a fire at one of the theatres. His lordship was there. It was the first night of Mr. Asher's play, and his lordship had promised the young gentleman to go, and the theatre was very full. When the fire broke out there was a panic, but my lord, as you well know, my lady," the man added with tears in his eyes, —grave, middle-aged man as he was,—"was not afraid, and he helped to save so many people, and when one man had fallen suffocated with the smoke, my lord would go back for him! He brought him out, my lady—it was then that he got burnt—and saved his life. Heaven grant he may not have given his own as the price of its safety."

His voice faltered and failed; the tears rolled down his face, lined and haggard with many night's watching of the master he loved so well and served so faithfully; but no tears came to the relief of the burning, aching eyes of the unhappy wife, and whenever Nicholas glanced at her during the last hour of that sorrowful journey, they were wide open and dilated, with a blank, miserable look of despair.

As they entered Berkeley Station, very quiet and deserted now, Maud rose eagerly, and left the train without waiting for assistance. Barnes, looking pale and anxious, was on the platform, and Maud ran to him, caught his hands in hers, and looked up into his face with mute and piteous questions, in the light of the station lamps.

The man tried to speak, but either his tidings were too sorrowful, or the sight of Maud, whom he had known from her babyhood, so changed and pallid in her black serge gown, distressed him too much; he turned from her, with a choked back sob, and brushed his hand across his eyes. A low, faint cry broke from her white lips; for a moment she staggered and seemed about to fall.

"He is not dead!" Nicholas said hoarsely.

"No, no, nor worse," Barnes said quickly. "There is a carriage here, Miss Maud."

The little town was quiet as the wheels of Doctor Kinsley's brougham woke the echoes of the deserted street. In one or two of the windows lights were burning. As they drew up at the iron gates of Ivyholme, midnight chimed, twelve solemn strokes broke the stillness of the night.

There were lights burning in many of the windows of the old red-bricked house, gleaming through the mantling ivy and shining in the lattice panes; but, notwithstanding the cheerful illumination, there was a strange solemnity about the quiet house, perhaps from its very quietness and the hushed stillness which surrounded it. The hall door was wide open, and Maud saw a girl's slender figure waiting in the lighted hall; and as she passed up to the house she was vaguely conscious of the fragrance of flowers, sweet and heavy in the summer air.

As she entered the house,—the dear old house which she had last left a bride, in the flush and pride of her wedded happiness,—there was no thought of that day in Maud's mind; her one thought now was of and for her husband.

But Millie Harrison thought of that autumn morning when the bright sunshine had fallen on Maud's shimmering robes and radiant beauty, and almost wondered if this pale, wan woman in her black gown could be the same who had gone away on that bright morning to a future which appeared to be one of perfect happiness.

Millie, who had been standing in the hall, came forward with outstretched hands to meet Maud; but ere a word of greeting had passed between them, a nurse in a white-bibbed apron and quaint cap came down the stairs, and as Maud's eyes rested on her face for a moment, it seemed to her that there was no hope in it.

She did not stop, but passed on into the lower hall, and Millie drew Maud gently into the nearest room, the dining room, and answered the pitiful appeal in her eyes which she could not force her lips to utter.

"He is no wore, dear Lady Dereham," she said very gently. "He is very, very ill; but there is hope,—oh, yes, there is hope. Father has never despaired; and now that you are come,"—the girl had meant to be very brave and cheerful, but at sight of Maud's pale face and wistful eyes she almost broke down,—"now that you are come," she went on bravely in a moment, "all will be right."

"Do you think my coming will make things right?" Maud said steadily, but with a tone in her voice that made Millie's attempt at calmness harder to maintain than it was already. "Can I go to him, Millie?"

"Not now," Millie said gently. "Father is there, and Doctor Kinsley, and Sir Francis Praed, and another physician from London and——"

"What do they say?" Maud asked with the same strange calmness.

"They say that he is very ill, but that there is hope," Millie assured her eagerly. "There is danger, too, because sometimes the fever runs so high, and then there is such terrible exhaustion."

"And he is unconscious?"

"Always, I think. Sometimes the nurses seem to think he understands a little of what is passing around him; but he is constantly delirious, and in his restlessness, Maud,"—the girl's eyes overflowed, and the tears which she had hitherto repressed, would have their way,—"he always called for his wife."

Maud, standing by the table, was leaning heavily upon it. She had taken off her hat, and now lifting her hand, pushed her hair back from her forehead; Millie, looking at her, thought that she looked like the incarnation of Despair.

There was tea on the table ready, and Millie poured out a cup and brought it to Maud, but she put it gently aside, and stood walking in the silence of the room for the smallest sound from above.

The hush and breathless stillness which had hung over the house seemed to intensify with each passing moment. There was a small bronze clock on a bracket in the corner of the room; its tick usually was a very low one, but it was distinct and clear now, and sounded loudly.

Maud hardly seemed to breathe in her intense agony of expectation. Even when Millie in her sympathy, came to her and put her arms round the slender, rigid form, she seemed unconscious of the action, and neither moved nor spoke.

Then, suddenly, as they stood together, Millie felt her tremble from head to foot. There was the soft, almost inaudible sound of footsteps, then the door opened and Doctor Kinsley entered the room.

A minute's dead silence followed his entrance. Maud could not have stirred from the spot where she stood. Millie feared to leave her lest her strength should give way. The doctor stood, grave and stern, looking at his daughter.

"So you have come at last!" he said in a low voice, in which anger and sorrow predominated. "I trust it may not be that you have come too late!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TURKISH JUSTICE.—A grocer of the City of Smyrna had a son, who, with the help of the little learning the country could afford, rose to the post of naib, or deputy to the cadi or mayor of that city, and as such visited the markets and inspected the weights and measures of retail dealers. One day as this officer was going his rounds, the neighbors, who knew enough of his father's character to suspect he might stand in need of the caution, advised him to shift his weights for fear of the worst; but the old cheat, depending on his relationship to the inspector, and sure, as he thought, that his son would never expose him to a public affront, laughed at their advice, and stood very calmly at the shop door waiting for his coming.

The naib, however, was well assured of the dishonesty and unfair dealing of his father, and resolved to detect his villainy and make an example of him.

Accordingly he stopped at his door, and said coolly to him, "Good man, fetch out your weights that we may examine them."

Instead of obeying the grocer would fain have put it off with a laugh, but was soon convinced that his son was serious, by hearing him order the officers to search the shop, and seeing them produce the instruments of his fraud, which, after an impartial examination, were openly condemned and broken to pieces.

His shame and confusion he hoped would prevail with his son to remit all further punishment of his crime; but even this, though entirely arbitrary, the naib made as severe as for the most indifferent offender; for he sentenced him to a fine of fifty piastres, and to receive a bastinado of as many blows on the soles of his feet.

All this was executed upon the spot; after which the naib, leaping from his horse, threw himself at his father's feet, and watering them with tears, addressed him thus:

"Father, I have discharged my duty to my God, my sovereign, my country, and my station; permit me now by my respect and submission to acquit the debt I owe my parent. Justice is blind; it is the power of God on earth; it has no regard to father or son. God and our neighbor's rights are above the ties of nature. You had offended against the laws of justice; you deserved this punishment, you would in the end have received it from some other; I am sorry it was your fate to receive it from me. My conscience would not suffer me to act otherwise. Behave better for the future, and instead of blaming, pity my being reduced to so cruel a necessity."

This done, he mounted his horse again and continued his journey.

ALAS! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the book of life, to light the fires of passion with from day to day, that man begins to see that the remaining leaves are few.

RED ROSE AND WHITE.

BY E. C.

I give her two great roses; one is red
As summer sunsets ere the light has fled;
The other white as winter's snow-fields are,
When Christmas carols greet the Wise Men's star.

The red is for her beauteous body's charms—
Her eyes, her roseate mouth, her fairest arms,
That all my heart have won.
Her face, in glorious silken locks enshrined,
A magnet that for ever draws my mind,
Mine altar is, where I bow down.

The white rose for her soul immaculate,
So dazzling pure within its palace-gate,
Queen of that beauteous throne.
I scent its fragrance, delicate and sweet,
And drop the red rose at her fairy feet,
To place the white one as her crown.

FORTUNE'S HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

THREE years before, when staying at Cheltenham, Lady Nora found herself in debt to such a degree that she dared not even leave the hotel, as she had not the means of paying her bill, and stayed on week after week, buoyed up by the hope that, as the Viscount and Viscountess Glynne were coming to Cheltenham, things would be made smooth for her.

At the eleventh hour their plans were changed in consequence of Lady Maria's health, and they went to Carisbad instead. In an evil hour, she used to think, but in a lucky hour, she thinks now, she made the acquaintance of a Mr. Carter, staying like herself at the hotel, and she was scornfully amused at the vulgar-looking little man's evident reverential admiration for her, until in her desperate plight she thought of turning his admiration to account.

From being freezingly gracious to him, or disdainfully amused by his homage of words and looks and tones, and hot-house flowers and costly fruit, and new books and magazines sent continually to her rooms, Lady Nora condescended to become friendly and confidential with him, and asked him to afternoon tea with herself and some lady-friends.

Mr. Carter went to tea, and discounted a bill for Lady Nora Glynne on very easy—remarkably easy—terms, a bill drawn in her favor by Lyulph, Lord Glynne. And Lady Nora the next morning was summoned to town by a telegram "from my niece, the Viscountess," she explained, and departed by the early express, having paid all claims on her in Cheltenham most honorably, leaving Mr. Carter disconsolate, with only that bill at two months which he discounted for her to comfort him—that bill which was a forgery!

There was an awful quarter of an hour for Lady Nora when the bill came due—a time she shudders to remember—when Lyulph Glynne, her own nephew by marriage, in Mr. Carter's office, told her in coarse and cruel language what he thought of her conduct, and menaced her and denounced her and renounced her in a fiendish manner.

"For a wretched trifle of three hundred pounds!" Lady Nora cried amidst her sobs, seeing not the sin, but the amount for which the sin was committed.

But Viscount Glynne continuing fiercely obdurate, and even merciless, Mr. Carter interfered and with a grave stern face cancelled the bill.

"Lady Nora will repay me one day perhaps," he remarked in a low tone.

Acting on that hint, Lady Nora—never a proud woman—wrote a dainty and most friendly letter to him about six weeks later—to the man whom she had absolutely defrauded of three hundred pounds—asking for a "loan" of fifty more.

She obtained it by return of post, and obtained other "loans" each time she asked for them, until at the end of the year she owed John Carter nearly nine hundred pounds; and John Carter asked for payment by a promise for "some day" in the future.

Lady Nora gave the promise, delighted to get off so easily, and, arranging matters with her conscience, permitted Mr. Carter to go on trusting to this future "some day," and to pay into her banking account the sum of three hundred pounds yearly for two years longer, until the Earl of Pentreath, or rather his faithful friend Miss Glover, played Deus ex machina, and advised Mr. Carter to meet Lady Nora at the costume ball—got the invitation for him indeed—and gave him a friendly hint to press his cause, as the time was favorable.

Lady Nora was advised by Miss Glover as to the answer she ought to give her faithful lover, and advised also of the ruin that was impending over the Dormers.

* * * * *

"So your troublesome kinswoman is off your hands, my lord," she says, in her half-laughing, half-sarcastic way. She has had the news privately from Mrs. Vavasor, her former employer with whom mademoiselle has become very intimate and friendly of late. "Poor Mr. Carter is now the only one entitled to bear all the anxieties and expenses that the dear little lady's taste for practising caligraphy may entail on her nearest and dearest!"

And the Earl of Pentreath, being in a gracious mood, says affably—

"You're awfully clever, Belle! I'm much obliged to you for putting the spur on."

* * * * *

Twice before she goes to bed Lady Nora has rashly-generous impulses—so she tells herself afterwards. One is, considering she has more than two hundred pounds in her possession, and a prospect of much more in the near future, to send her son something—say, twenty pounds—a slice of her newly acquired prosperity.

But, on second thought, she wisely considers that if she does so Dallas will only begin worrying about that unfortunate ring again—perhaps go on teasing and writing and asking questions until the whole story comes to Mr. Carter's ears before she is married to him.

Later on she can arrange everything—get back the ring, send Dallas a handsome present, help him to pay off his debts, to get another situation, do everything that is affectionate and motherly and generous; but for the present she sends him—nothing.

Her other generous impulse is to tell Yolande about her husband and the evident miscarriage of those letters which Lady Nora knows quite well she has written, and Dallas's utter unconsciousness of the change that has taken place in poor Yolande's fortunes. But here again wise second thought prevents her from doing anything so ill-considered and impulsive.

When Yolande comes into her room to say good-night, Lady Nora looks at her dubiously for a few moments. "How ill and thin and faded she does look lately!" she thinks, with a satisfied glance at her own brilliant face, almost as fair and smooth at forty-eight as it was at thirty.

"I saw Dallas to-day, Yolande," she says in a cold, sad, unwilling voice, as of one who introduces a disagreeable subject and is sorrowfully aware of it.

"Did you?" Yolande responds, frigidly careless.

"Yes;" Lady Nora sighs. "He asked how you were, and desired to be remembered to you. His 'kind regards,' he said. Such a phrase for a husband to use!" She sighs again. "Dallas is very much altered—so cold and curt and impatient! I could scarcely get a kind word from him."

She is secretly very much frightened by Yolande's pale face and blazing eyes, and tries to shift all the blame and wrath and burden of wrong-doing on to the absent one's shoulders.

"He is quite well, I hope?" Yolande inquires, in a hard indifferent tone, absorbed in remedying a defect in her bed-room candle wick.

"Yes; he looked rather thin. He said he had not been very well," Lady Nora answers impatiently. "I got him to drive a little way with me, but he would not come any farther than Albert Gate."

"He was very busy perhaps," Yolande says, with a slight yawn. "I think I will say good night, Lady Nora, I feel very tired."

The same words used by the wife as by the husband in their miserable misunderstanding, their miserable separation—each with bitter secret blame supposing the other to be absorbed in selfish business and pleasures—each heart lonely and wretched, and with a rankling pain against the other which increases day by day.

Lady Nora knows it well, shallow and unsympathetic as she is, she knows it well, but she will not speak one word to soothe the pain and heal the wound.

"Good night, love! You do look awfully ill and tired!" she says sweetly, and lets the girl go away with her young face haggard with misery, to brood in sleepless wretchedness over her wrongs.

* * * * *

The first touch of autumn has come, though it is but the end of August—six weeks from the day that Lady Nora Glynne had her last interview with her son.

She is not Lady Glynne now, but Lady Nora Carter, having been married very quietly at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, one beautiful sunny morning; and she was given away by the Earl of Pentreath, to the unbounded delight and pride of honest John Carter, who has now a third Earl to bring into the list of his marriage connections. It does not matter to him that the other two Earls are dead—they are Earls still.

For this unexpected kindness and condescension Lady Nora has no one to thank but the omniscient Miss Glover, and she is quite aware of the fact.

"My lord," Miss Glover said imperatively, "Mr. Carter is worth cultivating. He is a 'solid' man, a 'square' man, a 'cubic' man in a word; and, if you don't gain his goodwill now, you will never gain it. She will prejudice him against you; and, if you don't take my advice, you will regret it only once—that will be always."

So his lordship took his "little friend's" advice, and was so amiable and gracious at the wedding—the breakfast was at an hotel because of Mr. Dormer's state of health"—that no one would have dreamed that the urbane peer had ever called the charming bride "a cheat and a forger," and told her she was "a disgrace to every one belonging to her." But the bride and the bridegroom both recalled it, and an ugly dream it was.

That is three weeks ago now, and the yellowing leaves on the trees in parks and squares have begun to flutter down thickly on the faded sod beneath, and the Virginia creeper leaves are reddening in the cool nights and frosty dews of morning.

Here and there in the areas and on the steps of the shut-up houses in the West-End streets and terraces the ruddy leaves have fallen and lie undisturbed; and these, with the drawn window-blinds and closed doors and smokeless chimneys and the silence, make some of the stately mansions look as desolate as the "haunted house" of Hood's poem.

"But I suppose if I left a letter for her it would be forwarded with other business communications," Dallas Glynne says bitterly to himself, pausing before No. 9, Rutland Gardens, which has even a more shut-up desolate look than some of its neighbors.

The broad pearl-gray steps are begrimed with London smoke and dust, and quite a shower of red leaves from the Virginia creeper next door has rained down on the area steps and flags.

"The house I went out of on my ill-starred wedding-day, and have never entered since, and have no right to enter now," he mutters, as he rings the bell.

A very dingy but amiable elderly lady of the genus charwoman opens the door, and stands blinking at the bright light, and staring at Captain Glynne amazedly as he stands staring at her, speechless with surprise, and with a numb pain at his heart which seems to tingle through him.

"Was you wishful to see any one, sir?" the civil and grubby old personage inquires, with a propitiatory smile on her heavily-smudged countenance.

It is as if he has suddenly come upon a grave—the grave of some one he knows and loves.

The house is empty. The great hall is bare and gloomy and echoing as a vault: the wide stairs, all dusty and marked with feet, lead up to empty shadowy chambers.

There is not one trace of home left—not one trace of the existence of his wife Yolande in the house which he thought her home!

Oh to see her now, this minute, and to know that she still lives and loves him! Oh to see her come down those silent shadowy stairs or through those great bare desolate rooms as he has seen her in the days that are gone with her love-lit eyes and her soft pure face, her girlish slender figure, her soft young-womanly grace.

"Oh, my darling, the girl that used to love me so fondly, my faithful little wife whom I treated so cruelly," is the cry that goes up from his heart while he is standing confronting the alarmed Mrs. Bodger—"Cornelia Bodger" is her classic name—who is filled with misgiving by this time that the handsome gentleman has deadly designs on herself and the empty mansion of which she has the charge.

"Have they all gone away? They are not living here now — Mr. Dormer's family?" he asks, his heart beating in great slow throbs that make him feel dizzy. "There—there—has not been any one sick—any one dead?"

"I dunno, sir, indeed," Mrs. Bodger answers, smoothing out her dirty canvas apron with dingy knobby fingers. "The family's left, sir, an' the furniture was all removed only three days ago. An' the men an' the vans left the place in such a state, sir, I haven't given it to say a proper cleaning yet."

"But you did not hear that there was anything — illness or that—to cause the family to leave so suddenly?" he persists—and the blood seems to run chill in his veins. "If I have lost her!" he mutters, with his hand clenched on his stick.

"I dunno, indeed, sir," replies the intelligent Cornelia Bodger. "The house-agent could tell you, sir."

And she is glad to get rid of him, and to shut the door with a hollow clang behind him, while Dallas walks on and on like a man in a dream.

He has walked on into the Marylebone Road before he knows where he is; and, while he pauses to think what he shall do next, an empty cab crawls up temptingly beside him.

He hears the insinuating "Keb, sir?" softly spoken, and, stepping in, like a man in a dream still, he bids the cabman drive to Regent's Park Road.

He dimly recollects in his stunned bewildered state that the Sarjents live there, though he is not sure of the number of the house.

"I must see them—I must see some one—hear something about her to put my mind at rest, or I shall go mad!" he says, fevered with the sudden dread and longing and pain that have seized him. "I waited to have good news before I went to her: I waited, in my pride and folly, to be able to tell her that I was quite independent of her—my gentle loving little wife, who would give me her life, I believe, if I needed it—and I may have waited too long. May Heaven forgive me for my wretched folly—I shall never forgive myself."

He chafes himself into a fever at the delay in finding the house.

He is half mad with suspense and dread and impatience when it is found at last, and he is ushered into a room where Wilmot Sarjent sits writing calmly.

In Dallas Glynne's innermost heart there is and has always been a secret undefined jealousy—unacknowledged even to himself—of Yolande's cousin.

Not from anything he has ever seen or heard, not from word or deed of either Yolande or her cousin—perhaps from the whisperings of conscience that the plain homely young City man would have been so much kinder and truer to a young wife than he, Dallas, has ever been, and perhaps from an irritating fancy that Wilmot Sarjent thinks this himself—that he looks down on the dashing well-born man with disapproval and contempt all the deeper that it is silent, and that he regards Yolande Glynne with a compassionate pity for being the wife of such a husband as Dallas Glynne.

This feeling is tingling through him as with haughty humility and forced composure he apologises for his "intrusion," and asks Mr. Sarjent if he will kindly give him Mr. Dormer's address.

And Wilmot, usually one of the kindest and friendliest of fellows to be met with in a day's walk, meets Captain Glynne's mood by one equally stiff and cold.

He does not notice the apology for the "intrusion."

"How d'ye do, Captain Glynne?" he says, in his briefest business manner. "Want Mr. Dormer's address? Fair View, of course."

"I thought they had gone abroad," Dallas remarks, a little staggered. "I suppose Miss Dormer and her brother are at home?"

"Yes, they're at home," Wilmot replies more curtly, looking at Dallas with eyes burning with displeasure. "You haven't seen them for a long time, I suppose?"

Dallas Glynne's gray-blue eyes begin to glitter dangerously.

"He is going to bring me to book," he thinks, with pride and temper rising in flood tide.

"Oh, no—not for quite a long time," Dallas replies, with studied indifference.

"Ah!" Wilmot Sarjent says, with all the vehement meaning he can convey by the ejaculation. "Well, they're there—if you have any business with them."

"Yes, a little business. I think I shall run down and see them if I can spare the time," Dallas says, in his coolest and most languid tones.

At this moment his eyes fall on a freshly-written letter lying on the writing-table just beside Wilmot's hand.

The ink of the heavy broad business-like writing is glistening yet.

The fourth page lies uppermost, and Dallas can read, nearly as plain as print, from where he sits, the termination of the letter—

"And with love to aunt and uncle and to yourself, dear Yolande, I am yours most affectionately,

"WILMOT SARJENT."

Dallas Glynne's brain seems to be suddenly set on fire as he reads it. Yolande's faithful and "most affectionate" cousin is doing his best to console her for her faithless husband.

This is the secret reason of a great many things—he cannot quite tell what—her cold avoidance of him since the date of that hurried visit, her neglect to write a line to ask him how he was—ill, alone, desolate, almost destitute as he has been, while she was living in luxury!

He grinds his teeth as he thinks of it. And to think that he has never once suspected this; that, like all other women—false, selfish, treacherous creatures—she, gentle and meek and modest as she looks, has been as selfish and false as any one of them.

His sight grows dim, his pulses are beating violently, heart and brain are raging like a volcano in the fury of wrath and grief and jealousy that sweeps over him.

Forgetting everything, but impelled by a fierce longing to be gone out of Wilmot Sarjent's presence, with his fleshy well-fed countenance, his smug aspect of respectable prosperity, and his intolerable assumption of superiority, Dallas rises hastily, and is blindly groping for his hat—not seeing it though it is on the table before him—when Mrs. Sarjent sweeps into the room, with the usual noisy rustle of her voluminous skirts.

CHAPTER XLI.

"YOU didn't send off that letter of mine to Yolande, I hope?" Mrs. Sarjent begins, and pauses astounded when she sees who is confronting her. "Law bless me, Captain Glynne. Is that you?" she exclaims sharply, somewhat amazed, for haughty Captain Glynne, who has never been more than coldly civil to her, is looking at her now with almost a pleading smile struggling over his pale face.

"Won't you—won't you shake hands with me, Mrs. Sarjent?" he says, with an odd convulsive laugh, while the moisture of relief and shame and excitement starts out on his brow.

"Law, yes," the good-humored lady replies, giving his hand a hearty squeeze—"but I've a good mind not to! Why you're not looking the thing at all!" she adds, gazing at him concernedly. "Have you been ill?"

"Yes, Mrs. Sarjent," Dallas answers, with strange humility; for this vulgar good-natured woman has suddenly appeared to him in the light of the best of friends, and released him from torture. "I have been very ill and in great trouble for a long time. Things are much better with me now."

"Glad to hear that!" Mrs. Sarjent rejoins briskly, appraising his handsome well-cut clothes and glossy hat with one keen glance. "But, if you were ill or in trouble, Captain Glynne—Wilmot, go and get a glass of sherry, and some o' them new cream crackers you like so much, for Captain Glynne"—and Wilmot disappears in instant obedience—"why on earth didn't you let your friends and relations know it?"

"Who are they?" he asks coldly, but smiling still, and his pale lips trembling under his moustache.

"Well, I suppose your wife is a friend and relation, isn't she?" Mrs. Sarjent says bluntly. "Your poor little wife."

"She—she is not ill, is she?" he asks huskily. "I have stayed away from her

because I thought she did not want me, as she never wrote——"

"Indeed she did — twice!" interrupts Mrs. Sarjent more bluntly. "I had it from her aunt; and, talking of her, I don't think she'll shake hands with you. She thinks you've spoiled Yolande's life, and nearly broken her heart—and so you have! Poor child!"

"I have been a fool and misled and mistaken, Mrs. Sarjent," he says in a low choking voice, "but not a knave. I never wronged my wife wilfully; I never knowingly caused her pain—only once, through folly and thoughtlessness. I love her and I honor her."

"Well said!" exclaims Mrs. Sarjent, giving him a sounding slap. "Well, what are you going to do?"

"Where is she?" he asks sorrowfully, thinking of the long miles, the long days that may lie between him and a sight of her face, a touch of her hands.

"Where is she? That's a pretty question for a man to ask me about his own wife!" Mrs. Sarjent says sharply. "She is at home with her own people of course. Where else should she be?"

"At Fair View?" he questions, starting.

"Fair View, of course," Mrs. Sarjent replies, beginning to stare. "Bless my soul, don't you know they've no place else now, and nothing else to live on, until uncle Silas's affairs are settled, but Yolande's money? And aunt Keren won't spend a shilling of that without moaning about it, poor old soul! She does get so tiresome—that's a fact. As soon as poor uncle was able to travel, they took him down there, you know."

"Was he ill?" Dallas asks, putting his hand to his head in bewilderment.

"Was he ill?" Mrs. Sarjent repeats. "Don't you know? I'm sure I thought her ladyship would have thought it worth her while to tell you that! He had a fit the day the crash came in the City, and he was nearly twenty-four hours unconscious. It was enough to kill him, poor man! More than forty thousand went in a sweep in that blessed Pacific Salvage rubbish—I wouldn't have given 'em waste paper for their shares any day—and other things."

"He was ruined then?" Dallas queries, trembling and astonished and, oh so humbled and ashamed!

"If he wasn't then, he is now," Mrs. Sarjent replies drily. "The most that can be saved or scraped up out of everything will be only a few hundreds a year Wilmot says, so far as he can see. Of course he has had to do everything for them—he and poor Yolande; and of course, being a married woman, the poor child couldn't do anything without you in the way of signing or settling. You haven't behaved well to her nor any of us, Captain Glynne, and I tell you so to your face!" she adds determinedly. "All you've been to that poor child is a misery and a heart-break, and I don't suppose you'll ever be much else unless she learns how to manage you."

"I'll try, with Heaven's help, to be very different in the future," he says humbly; and Mrs. Sarjent gives him another slap in an extremely hearty and unrefined fashion nods her head, and wipes her eyes.

"You'd do if you'd keep to that," she responds dolefully; "but you know as well as I do that you and yours have been the ruin of the Dormers. Would to Heaven they'd never seen you. Poor uncle was always such a one for trying to run after people with handles to their names. He's had enough of his earls and viscounts by this time. I don't want to blame you for others' faults," Mrs. Sarjent goes on, using her handkerchief energetically until her rosy face is beefy in hue; "but it's near sickened me of aristocrats and grand relations, forsooth, that that poor foolish old man made so much of—and poor aunt Keren and Yolande, for the matter of that—squandering money like water on fripperies and jipperies," Mrs. Sarjent says, coining a scornful word, "because she was 'my lady,' I suppose, or because she was your mother! Goodness help her, poor little soft-hearted goose, with a bill enough to make an honest woman's hair stand up on her head sent in this very morning."

"Whose? What?" Dallas asks, with a confused belief that he is listening to a description of some ornithological curiosity.

"Your mother — my Lady Nora; who else?" Mrs. Sarjent replies scathingly. "Fifty pounds for some dressing-gowns and under-linen and things with French names, all got new for her wedding, though Yolande herself told me—I made her tell me and show me her cheque-book—that Lady Nora has had nearly four hundred pounds for new clothes since spring, and goodness knows how much before that."

"Mrs. Sarjent," Dallas says, looking at her as if he doubts her sanity, "whose wedding?"

"Why, your mother's—Lady Nora's!" Mrs. Sarjent answers, and then bursts into a loud laugh. "Law bless my soul, don't you know you've got — got a step-father?"

Dallas's face is crimson, and he is trembling from head to foot, but he recovers himself with a desperate effort.

"No," he replies composedly, with a slight smile, "I was not aware of it. I have not seen my mother for some time. She was at perfect liberty to please herself, of course; but I am naturally a little surprised."

"I should think you were," Mrs. Sarjent says, chuckling; but Captain Glynne's face and manner check her from saying what she longs to say. "He's a Mr. Carter—a very wealthy man and a most respectable man," she begins cautiously; but Dallas checks her again.

"I am glad to hear it," he says; "but I can't be expected to take much interest in hearing of a person whom I do not know in the least. If you will excuse me now, Mrs. Sarjent, I will say good-bye to you," he adds, smiling pleasantly and taking her hand; "and I hope to see you soon again—in happier circumstances."

"Indeed you'll not go without a glass of wine!" Mrs. Sarjent says positively. "Wilmot!"

"Thank you, I would rather not," he assures her; but she insists; and, when Wilmot brings in the wine himself, he drinks about a half-glass of sherry, and bids them both good-bye. "About that bill you mentioned just now," he says hurriedly, flushing before them—"will you please let me have it?"

"Indeed I won't," Mrs. Sarjent replies coolly—"neither you nor Yolande. I suppose what's hers is yours and yours is hers now, if you're going to be as you ought to be. Well, neither of you shall pay one penny of Lady Nora Carter's debts for fine clothes—not a ha'penny—so you needn't ask for it, for you sha'n't get it!"

"I'll talk to you again when you're in a better temper with me, Mrs. Sarjent," Dallas says, faintly smiling, and is going out, when she runs after him to the very doorsteps.

"Captain Glynne, I needn't ask where you are going now?"

And there is such desperate anxiety to ask evident in her face that Dallas laughs a little maliciously.

"No, you needn't," he says coolly, raising his hat, and marching off at a swinging pace.

When he is quite out of sight, Mrs. Sarjent turns round from the window, and sits down suddenly with a dismayed face.

"There," she says—"I've never asked him a question about his position or prospects, or what he's doing, or what he's going to do, or whether he's going to drag that poor child down into poverty with him, or whether he's going to take her away from those two poor old folk who want some one to look after them, or one single question I meant to have asked him."

"Never mind, mother," Wilmot says consolingly; "maybe Yolande will ask him all those questions herself."

"Not she!" Mrs. Sarjent rejoins, with bitter compassionateness. "She'll ask nothing but to put her arms around his neck and cry for joy over him. Poor little fool! She's too soft for this world, anyhow!"

On this quiet sunless autumn afternoon the poor little fool is certainly feeling that the world is too hard for her.

Down at Fair View, in the fading gardens and in the leaf-sprinkled paths, the breath of autumn is in the air of the silent, shadowy, dying day.

The soft melancholy of the spirit of autumn pervades the over-blown flowers, the over-ripe herbs and vegetables, and the harvest fields getting reaped and bare.

More than the silence and melancholy of autumn, for the summer of wealth and luxury that has gone for ever pervades the silent household, narrowed down to five individuals now, whereof one is broken down to a state of almost childish weakness of body and mind, one is querulous, fretful, and eccentric through age and trouble, and one is young, with a breaking heart and a spirit well-nigh crushed.

There are only two servants now, and neither of them is properly trained or efficient; but poor old Miss Dormer, with a childish unreasoning fear of debt and poverty suddenly overwhelming her, has obstinately refused to listen to advice or logical arguments from any one concerning her brother's position or future income, and at once, on her return home, has begun a wholesale work of cutting down expenses by dismissing her good cook and excellent housemaid, telling them, with martyr-like heroism, that she can no longer afford to pay them such wages as she has been giving, and so has inflicted a good deal of unnecessary discomfort and privation on herself and every one around her.

Once Yolande attempts to remonstrate earnestly with her; but she never attempts it again.

Trouble and anxiety have soured the old lady's once genial temper, and she has not only sharply refused to allow herself for one moment to calculate on Yolande's money for any neces-ary expenses, but is even unjust enough and illogical enough to hint obliquely at the extravagance and the grand acquaintances and the titled connections and the rash ill-advised marriages which have brought about the present deplorable results.

"It was enough to bring down a judgment on us to see how money was flung here and flung there," Miss Dormer says wrathfully.

"You need not repeat Mrs. Sarjent's spiteful speeches, aunt Keren," Yolande says, with a heav.ng breast; 'and you need not speak before poor uncle," she adds reproachfully, as Mr. Dormer goes feebly out of the room, "about your money being flung away."

"Thank you, Yolande, for reminding me to be considerate of my poor brother's feelings," Miss Dormer rejoins very irefully, stiffening her neck and making her cap tremble very much. "I don't think you have ever found me neglectful or reckless about my brother's interests or his feelings—I think no one can lay that to my charge."

And so the old lady, who has no genius for household management under these painfully changed conditions, assumes the reins of government very despotically, all the more that she is secretly aware that she is managing badly, and that every one is revolting under her "niggling" despotism.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

It is a mistake to think that any young girl can put her hand to the household work with success when she leaves school. Some who have a decided talent for it may; others who have some liking for it lose it if never called to do anything towards making their homes comfortable and pretty.

In Germany there are fine boarding-schools where young girls are taught the different departments of housekeeping, from the washing of the dishes to the mending of fine table-linen.

One month baking may be taught, another the cooking of meats, another preserving, and so on, not forgetting washing and ironing. Rigid economy is practiced throughout the training.

Some such practical training is really necessary to the happiness of every woman, rich or poor. Noblemen's daughters in Germany are sent to such establishments when they leave school.

How much more, too, can a woman be a real Samaritan if she can with her own hands cook the necessary delicacies for a sick one, and know how to serve it in a tempting way.

Every mother owes such a training to a daughter she loves; it is a fortune that will never be lost. The training, though most valuable, does not cost anything.

A great mistake that many of our girls are making, and that their mothers are allowing them to make, is that of spending their time in idleness or frivolous amusement, doing no work to speak of, and learning nothing about the practical duties and the serious cares of life.

It is not only in wealthier families that girls are growing up indolent and unpracticed in household work. Indeed, more attention is paid to the industrial training of girls in the wealthier families than in the families of mechanics and of people in moderate circumstances, where the mothers are compelled to work hard all the while.

The habits of indolence and helplessness that are thus formed are not the greatest evils resulting from this bad practice; the selfishness that it fosters is the worst thing about it.

How devoid of conscience, how lacking in all true sense of tenderness, or even of justice, a girl must be who will thus consent to devote all her time out of school to pleasuring, while her mother is bearing all the heavy burdens of the household! And the foolish way in which mothers themselves sometimes talk about this, even in the presence of their children, is mischievous in the extreme. "Oh, Hattie is so absorbed with her books, or her crayons, or her embroidery, that she takes no interest in household matters, and I do not like to call upon her." As if the daughter belonged to a superior order of beings, and must not soil her hands or ruffle her temper with necessary housework! The mother is the drudge; the daughter the fine lady for whom she toils. No mother who suffers such a state of things as this can preserve the respect of her daughter, which no mother can afford to lose.

The result of all this is to form in the mind of many girls not only a distaste for labor, but a contempt for it, and a purpose to avoid it as long as they live by some means or other.

This is one of the chief errors in the training of our girls at the present day. It is not universal, but it is altogether too prevalent. And girls, if you are allowing yourselves to grow up with such habits of indolence, and such notions about work, you are preparing for yourselves a miserable future.

PUT HIS FOOT IN.—A man and his partner were the best of friends, and their intimacy extended to personal as well as business matters. The partner was a bachelor, and was in the habit of reading aloud letters of an ardent and affectionate nature from a young lady who signed herself "Susie." The hero of the story went away on a long trip, and returned just in time to attend the wedding of his partner. Wishing to show his good-will he sent the happy couple a wedding present, and at the wedding gallantly stepped forward to pay his respects.

"I hardly feel like a stranger," he said in his sweetest tones, addressing the bride; "in fact, I feel as though I ought to be quite well acquainted with my partner's wife, since he has often done me the honor to read to me extracts from his dear Susie's letters."

The faces of the husband and the speaker were studies as the bride drew herself up and said, emphatically and distantly—

"I beg your pardon, sir! My name is Helen!"

THE USE OF BEES' STINGS.—It is stated that when a bee has filled the cell either with pure honey, or with a mixture of pollen dough or honey, a drop of formic acid, obtained from the poison-bag connected with the sting, is added to the honey by perforating the lid with the sting. Numerous experiments show that this formic acid preserves honey and nearly every other sugar solution from fermentation. This being so, it is evident that the sting of the poison apparatus of the bee has a further purpose than that of a defensive or offensive weapon. Most of the insects having stings similar to that of the bee are collectors and storers of honey, and when this is recollected, it seems reasonable to suppose that one, if not the primary, object of the sting is as suggested.

Scientific and Useful.

POLISHING BRASS.—To keep highly-polished brass absolutely bright and free from tarnishing, thinly coat with a varnish of bleached shellac and alcohol.

SORE THROAT.—Nothing is better for a sore throat than a gargle of salt and water. It may be used as often as desired, and if a little is swallowed each time it is used it will cleanse the throat and allay the irritation.

WATERPROOFING.—The following mixture is given as suitable for waterproofing all kinds of woven fabrics: Linseed-oil, 77-0; acetate of lead, 1-845; litharge, 10-0; amber earth, 0-4; vegetable wax, 1-3; soap-powder, 1-2; Manila gum, 0-7; lamp-black, 4-0; essence of turpentine, 2-0 India-rubber varnish, 1-555; total, 100.

OYSTERS.—In the extensive oyster-culture experiments of the United States Government particular attention is being given to methods for preserving the young. Wire baskets 3 feet square and 6 inches deep are used for collecting the spat, which adheres closely to the sides and bottom, this device enabling the operators to prevent the accumulation of mud, the great foe of the oyster industry, by frequent shakings of the baskets. An average oyster is expected to yield 10,000,000 young.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—The simplest rules for the prevention of sleeplessness are, "Do not worry," and do not think "I am afraid I sha'n't sleep." Think that the rest obtained by lying down at full length and relaxing every muscle is one means of restoration of the bodily powers, even if sleep does not come. A bath or showering the lower part of the spine with cold water quiets the brain. A little food, if one is hungry, is a well-known remedy; and Jamaica ginger or ginger-tea will often cool the brain by warming the stomach, and in this way will produce sleep.

CEMENT FOR CAST-IRON.—A correspondent says that he has used the following recipe with the greatest success for the cementing of iron railing-tops, for gratings to stoves, &c., with such effect as to resist the blows of a sledge-hammer. Take equal parts of sulphur and white lead, with about a sixth of borax; incorporate the three so as to form one homogeneous mass. When going to apply it, wet it with strong sulphuric acid and place a thin layer between the two pieces of iron, which should then be pressed together. In five days it will be perfectly dry, all traces of the cement having vanished, and the iron will have the appearance of having been welded together.

Farm and Garden.

ROSES.—The safest thing for amateurs to use to destroy green fly on roses is soft soap and water, made at the rate of one ounce of soap to one gallon of water. The soap should be dissolved in warm (not boiling) water and used at once. If one application does not kill them, apply another the next day. The liquid may be applied with a syringe.

CLEANING.—Soda will clean tarnished tin. Vinegar and silt will clean copper. Butter is the best polish to put into starch. Baking soda put on a burn will take out the heat. A heated knife will cut hot bread without making it soggy. Oil of cedar is sure death to vermin which infest chambers. Toilet sets and all chamber articles should be cleaned in cold water. White lead will cement broken crockery, a 10-cent bottle lasting for years. A small paint brush should be used in cracks and crevices while dusting a room.

POULTRY.—An experienced poultryman thinks that the cause of failures in the many attempts to keep fowls in large numbers is due to a lack of care. A farmer will rise at 4 o'clock in the morning to feed and milk his cows, will carefully clean out the stalls and prepare beds for the cows, and his work does not end till late, but he will not do so much work for the hens. Yet the hens will pay five times as much profit, in proportion to labor and capital invested, as the cows.

PLANTS.—Most plants will do well in west windows, if the conditions are right for them, but north windows are not favorable for the growth of ordinary house plants. Ferns and many kinds of plants cultivated for their foliage will, however, succeed in north windows. Many kinds of flowering plants that have been raised elsewhere, and have been brought to the blooming stage, will then flower freely, standing in windows with a north aspect. Among such plants may be mentioned hyacinth, tulip, rose, fuchsia, pelargonium, camellia, calla, Chinese primrose, cineraria, azalea, orange, etc.

FASTING WOMEN.—Some old French pamphlets on this subject have lately come to light. One of these, bearing date "Paris, 1586," and comprised in twenty-eight pages, contains "the admirable and true history of a peasant girl of Anjou." This guileless maiden is asserted to have lived four years without other nourishment than a little water. Drs. La Provancheres and Montsainet described, in a work published at Sens in 1616, the case of a child of from nine to ten years old, born at Vauprofonde, near Sens, who remained five consecutive years without drinking, eating, swallowing or "sucking" anything whatever. And still another "brochure," printed in 1618, contains "the prodigious and admirable history" of a Provencal who was presented to the "Queen mother" at Blois, and who lived without eating or drinking.

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By the Fireside.

"A good servant and a bad master." Such is the manner in which the agency of combustion is usually described. The epigram, however, like most epigrams, expresses too much or too little, or both.

Is it entirely generous to regard Fire, when it does not elect to tyrannize over us, as a menial? Can it not claim to rise frequently into a higher relation than that of either servant or master, and demand to be considered a friend? Whether we choose to admit that it is so or not matters little. No one can honestly deny that Fire is a very close friend indeed. A treacherous friend, doubtless, if we do not beware of his vagaries, but a friend nevertheless.

We may regard him as a servant when he is made to minister to our wants; we certainly shall regard him as our master when the paternal roof-tree is in his multitongued possession. In the former capacity he performs all sorts of useful ends; in the latter he renders us homeless, if, that is, he is so far merciful as to abstain from ruining us altogether. He will, if we desire it, act always in a menial capacity. He will only act as a destroyer when we are careless of his consumptive instincts.

But his parts are many, and when we see him in his best and most sociable mood, we shall hardly fail to agree that he is well worthy of an affectionate appellation. He (it, by the way, Fire is a he and not she, as the poet declares) is our friend precisely in proportion as the weather is our enemy.

To fully realize this let us take an instance. An ague-nourishing Easter is rampant without the house, or the snow is falling in heavy flakes, the sky is murky, the window-panes are frosted, and huge icicles cling to the window sills. Everything beyond the four walls of home is bleak, miserable, uninviting.

In the home what is the record? The fire blazes brightly and the flames leap and dance upward as though mocking the elements and defying them to do their worst. Then is the time to see in what relation Fire stands to the members of the family, young and old, cynical or otherwise. Every one is scheming to secure "the most favored nation" treatment from the produce of the miner's toil.

Such court was never paid by swain to his lady-love, as father, mother, sister, brother pay to this foundling of Prometheus. The howling of the wind is but the signal for the drawing closer of chairs, and toes and noses are in dangerous proximity to the seductive flame.

To love the fireside is characteristic of mankind the world through. The Indian of the prairie, the weary traveler in the wilderness, the citizen alike in his mansion and his hovel, all turn instinctively to fire for comfort.

In America especially, when the curtains are drawn on a winter's eve, when every door in the house is as securely fastened as though the burglar rather than the night and cold were feared, and when the fire is well banked up, it must be a very chilly nature that can fail to appreciate the pleasures of its environment.

Out in the wild plains of distant lands, even more forcibly than in the snug parlors and drawing-rooms of our cities, the attractions of the blazing log are experienced equally by the strong and the weak, the active and the weary.

The more fierce the elements, the more pronounced these attractions become, and as the storm gathers in strength, man turns more lovingly to his fireside for protection.

"What a night!" he exclaims, not so much in a tone of disgust as of satisfaction that he has not to battle with it, but is safely ensconced by his own hearth. Under such circumstances it is not unnatural if some persons are selfish enough to rejoice over the broils of the rain, the wind, and their numerous companions.

The comfort of the fireside has long been a favorite theme of poets. They, however, have not by any means confined themselves to singing of this phase of the fireside. In their native kindliness of heart, it has of course never escaped them that every one is not so blest as they themselves may have been. Sympathy probably is never so strong as when one is revelling in the ruddy blaze of an amply charged grate. Poets have, in their own way, inquired often, in periods of meteorological bitterness, how live those unhappy creatures who have no roof to shelter them, nor wherewithal to make a stand against any of winter's onslaughts. The fireless are better off only than the homeless, and what it is to linger in a half empty room beside a quite empty grate whilst the snow and frost are storming every crevice in walls and roof those alone who have experienced such privation can know, and even they cannot describe.

No fuel to feed the grate and no bread to feed the stomach! It is a theme which may appropriately stir the poetical imagination. The poet is nothing if not charitable, and the contrast between the ease and luxury of the rich hearth and the misery and suffering of the poor has not been left to the socialist alone to demonstrate.

Every one loves his fire, and it is a fact that the servant who is on the best terms with her master and mistress is usually the servant who has discovered the art of making a really good fire.

There could be no stronger testimony to the love in which the element which Prometheus stole from the heavens is held, than the opposition manifested by our rich and poor alike to closed stoves. We are not satisfied merely to experience a sense of warmth and comfort, we wish to gaze upon the smiling, joyous countenance of this child of the gods. Why? Because the fireside practically means home to the real man, and that is tantamount to saying that fireside is everything in the world to him, for who ever heard of the man worthy to be called one who did not venerate home and its associations before all else?

When men cease to love their fireside they will cease to love home; when they cease to love home, it will be time to draw the curtain on the great drama of humanity.

A WRITER truly says the hardest thing is to keep cheerful under the little stings that come from uncongenial surroundings, the very insignificance of which adds to their power to annoy, because they cannot be wrestled with and overcome, as in the case of larger hurts. Some disagreeable habit in one to whom we may owe respect and duty, and which is a constant irritation to our sense of the fitness of things, may demand of us a greater moral force to keep the spirit serene than an absolute wrong committed against us. In the one case endurance is all that is possible; in the other we may sometimes rightfully fight, and there is a world of comfort in the great power of action.

No one can ever plead that he has no time for self culture, for in his busiest hours he may find abundant means to elevate and improve himself. But to do this he must work honestly, faithfully and energetically; he must strive for excellence in his department; he must learn to take pleasure in the good he is bestowing as well as in that he is receiving. Toil is the school for high principles. The most fruitful sources of truth and wisdom are experience and observation, and these belong to all conditions. Almost all labor demands intellectual activity, and is best carried on by those who invigorate their minds so that the two interests, toil and self-culture, are friends to each other.

THERE are times when we all sorely need a word of sympathy—when all brave men and women are the better for it. By little and little the load is increased; in the same way it may likewise be lessened. Encouragement possesses a marvellous vein of recreating power. Wisely administered, it counteracts the disheartening influence which a sense of baffled plans and repeated failures tends to induce; by aid of the cheery, kindly word one is enabled to pull oneself up again, and to go on with renewed efforts.

TRUTHS can never conflict, for truth is a unity, and, when an opinion that has once been held is forced to give way under the pressure of advancing thought, it is but the outer shell that once contained a truth and is no longer needed which drops away, while the everlasting truth remains with all who are wise enough to retain it. Thus, in the world of thought, sameness must be the accepted foundation on which changes must gradually be made if any solid advancement is to be attained.

THE Christian's fellowship with God is rather a habit than a rapture. He is a pilgrim who has the habit of looking forward to the light before him—he has the habit of not looking back; he has the habit of walking steadily in the way, whatever be the weather and whatever be the road. These are his habits; and the Lord of the way is his guide, protector, friend and felicity.

IF trouble comes, be cool and treat it peacefully. If joy comes, receive it peacefully, without excitement. If you must flee from evil, do it calmly, without agitation, or you may stumble and fall in your haste. Do good deliberately, or your hurry will lead you into endless faults. Even repentance is a work that should be carried on coolly and quietly.

A MAN that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon others' evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other; and whoso is out of hope to attain another's virtue will seek to come at even hand by depressing another's fortune.

THE three lessons all are the better for knowing—that cheerfulness can change misfortune into love and friends, that in ordering one's self aright one helps others to do the same, and that the power of finding beauty in the humblest things makes home happy and life lovely.

THERE appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well. Measure by man's desires, he cannot live long enough; measure by his good deeds, and he has not lived long enough; measure by his evil deeds, and—how sad and mournful the reflection!—he has lived too long.

BOTH wit and understanding are trifles without integrity. The ignorant peasant without fault is greater than the philosopher with many. What is genius or courage without a heart?

HE that would undermine the foundations of our hope for eternity seeks to beat down the column which supports the feebleness of humanity.

A SOUND discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.

BE not too brief in conversation, lest you be not understood, nor too diffuse, lest you be troublesome.

SELF is the shadow that darkens our lives and prevents us from being bright companions.

A HOMELY truth is better than splendid error.

The World's Happenings.

A death from cigarette smoking is recorded at Keyport, N. J.

Queen Victoria, it is said, owns property in the District of Columbia.

"Sitting on ice" is a theatrical phrase for a house that does not applaud.

United States Senator Ransom's wife fitted each of her six sons for college.

Mule Head is the name hit upon for a settlement in Charles Mix county, Dak.

Ten cents is the price set on the head of the crow found in the State of Maine.

A station on the Wilkesbarre and Western Railroad, in Pennsylvania, is named "Let 'er Go."

There is a $50 a-year postoffice vacant in Arkansas, for which there are thirty-seven applicants.

There is a man in Hemlock, Mich., who is so humane that he chloroforms his hogs before killing them.

A York State judge is wrestling with the question whether hatching eggs is manufacturing chickens.

The cigars smoked in this country annually, if put end to end, would reach around the earth nine times.

A draught of ink, taken in a spirit of mischief by a 14-year-old school boy, at Vandalia, Ill., killed the lad within a few hours.

In West Virginia a wife can obtain a divorce if she can prove that her husband has been notoriously immoral before marriage.

A bill now being considered by the Nevada Legislature disqualifies from holding office any one who is the victim of strong drink.

Mention is made of the fact that in the Mining Exchange in Boston on a recent week-day not a single share of stock was bought or sold.

A young woman of 22, who recently went to the Black Hills, received twelve offers of marriage during the first four days she was there.

A body was refused burial in London recently, after it had reached the churchyard, because the fees to the vicar and clerk had not been paid.

A stock company at Tecumseh, Michigan, has been organized for the purpose of herding skunks. About 100 skunks have been procured for breeding purposes.

Rasmus Anderson, a Norwegian naturalized citizen of Wisconsin, sent as our minister to Denmark, scandalizes the court circles of Copenhagen by living in a garret.

A farmer living near Dayton, Ohio, is said not to have spoken a word to his wife, nor she to him, during the past twenty-five years, owing to a quarrel they had over a child at that time.

"I'll be worser when I come out," cried 12-year-old burglar Artie Taylor, when sentenced in a Chicago court the other day to five years in the reform school. And the chances are that he will.

Gossipers in Catlin, Ill., have been given food for talk by the approaching marriage of a young lady resident to a school teacher who whipped her so severely a few years ago that he was arrested and fined.

There is a minister of the gospel in South Bend, Ind., whose total cash income for the past year was $263. With this he supported a family of six and paid car fare between South Bend and Laporte every two weeks.

Representative Mitchell, of Connecticut, is one of the most generous feeders in Congress. He never eats alone, and his checks for lunch are always $4 to $5. His favorite dishes are turkey, tenderloin steak and venison.

R. F. Simpson, of St. Elmo, Ind., while playing with his 3-year-old boy, was bitten on the thumb by the child. The wound bled very freely. Soon the hand and arm began to swell, and in a few days death resulted from blood poisoning.

Fright caused the death of a man near Highland, Mich., the other day, who imagined he contracted hydrophobia while skinning sheep (killed at the instance of the owner) bitten by a dog thought to have been suffering from the dreaded malady.

Two stallions engaged in a fight near Pemberton, N. J., lately, during which both were well used up. The worsted animal came out of the scrimmage minus a piece of flesh said to be eight inches long and with divers cuts and bruises in his neck and head.

Seven large monkeys work in the hemp fields of J. B. Parkes, a Madison county, Ky., farmer. They are said to do the work better than the negroes Mr. Parkes formerly employed, and at one-fourth the cost. They were sent from South Africa, and Mr. Parkes has ordered ten more.

A Maine newspaper says that a citizen of that State has split a hurricane. Seeing it coming straight toward his barn he took two boards and holding them before the barn, the ends together so that they formed a sort of wedge, he spread the hurricane apart, so that it only took off two corners of the barn.

Professor Proctor, in his new book on "Chance and Luck," undertakes to tell the chances of getting heads or tails in tossing a penny. If you toss an hour "heads" will not exceed "tails," or "tails" "heads" in a greater ratio than 21 to 20. If you toss for a day the inequality will not be greater than 101 to 100.

A prominent lawyer in Chicago recently secured a client in the person of a man charged with counterfeiting, and received four new fifty dollar bills as a retainer. When the legal light went to deposit them in the bank he discovered that they were bogus, and with remarkable presence of mind he withdrew from the case.

There still remain unsurveyed about 9,000,000 acres of public land in Colorado, 12,000,000 in Arizona, nearly 30,000,000 in California, 48,000,000 in Dakota, 7,000,000 in Florida, 44,000,000 in Idaho, 7,000,000 in Minnesota, 38,000,000 in Nevada, 74,000,000 in Montana, 31,000,000 in Utah, more than 20,000,000 in Washington Territory, and so on.

OF HER.

BY M. E. W.

What! You would have me know?
When doubt's so sweet!
Would break the magic of her soft replies,
And lift the glamor from my happy eyes,
And prove the cheat?

Prove that the laughter low,
And veiled glance,
Have oft been studied with minutest care
Till every bird-like note that thrills the air
Her charms enhance?

* * * I fancied long ago
Skies always blue,
And now I know them often dark and drear,
My knowledge is not any gladder, dear,
Although more true.

So let my trust still grow,
Nor spoil my dream.
I glory in the face I find so fair,—
I glory in the curling nut-brown hair
Of sunny gleam.

Know? I will never know
Let come what will!
For if my faith in her be forced to die,
I'll swear allegiance to her memory,
And love her still!

Under the Limes.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

IS there any prettier sight than a grass-grown lane "in the leafy month of June?" The lane that led from the village of Dollice to the High Cottage was used so little that it was carpeted with grass for a great part of the way; and though this was decidedly a drawback in the winter months, it made the path delightfully cool and pleasant in dry weather. For about a mile this sequestered road lay between fields and meadows; then the ground began to rise; and for the last quarter of a mile the lane was like an avenue, running between two rows of dark Scotch firs straight to the cottage on the brow of the hill.

Everybody at Dollice knew that Major Brent had lived at the High Cottage since his wife died and he retired from the army, five years before. His eldest daughter, Mabel, was mistress of his house, and was mother, governess, and nurse to her family of brothers and sisters.

Mabel was only nineteen, but she looked a year or two older for she had had her share of the cares of this troublesome world. A tall girl, with a beautiful figure, and a great coil of chestnut-colored hair at the back of her head, kind grey eyes, rather a wide mouth, a complexion tanned by the sun—such was Mabel in appearance; and from this description it will be seen that she could not be called a beauty.

One Thursday afternoon in the height of summer, as Mabel was in the garden at the back of the cottage picking strawberries, a visitor was slowly making her way up the hill between the sombre shadows of the pines.

If anyone had happened to meet Miss Blanche Peyton that afternoon, his involuntary exclamation would have been, "What a pretty girl!" and if he had been under the age of thirty he would certainly have glanced over his shoulder for another look at the dainty, graceful little figure.

Pretty Blanche Peyton certainly was, and she was more than that. Her hair was perhaps her worst point—straw-colored, thin, and weak; her lips, too, were rather thin. But every other feature was perfect, her complexion was clear and fresh; and besides her beauty there was the subtle charm of grace in every movement, every attitude. It might not be easy to tell her age with certainty; she might be three or four years over twenty.

As Blanche walked slowly along, so as not to become heated, her face wore a troubled and anxious expression; now and then her thin lips closed firmly over her pearly teeth, as if she were making up her mind to some decided course of action. Once or twice she sighed, as if she were tired with the walk. She would have managed to get the brougham, only she knew that if she had mentioned where she was going, she would have had one or more of the Ward girls thrust upon her, and she meant to see Mabel Brent alone.

The Ward girls were the daughters of Augustus Ward, of Coram street, Derby, solicitor, and of Langham Park, in the county of Derby, country gentleman. Mr. Ward fulfilled both functions, for, having made a large fortune, partly by the practice of his profession and partly by successful building speculations, he had bought an estate, built himself a mansion thereon, and was now laboring hard to get his name upon the commission of peace.

Blanche Peyton was a friend of his eldest daughter, Augusta, and was now paying a visit which had already prolonged itself to several weeks.

At length Miss Peyton passed the last of the fir-trees, opened the five-barred gate which led to Major Brent's domain, and was presently ushered into the tiny drawing-room, scented with rose-leaves. The girl did not seat herself, though she was tired of her walk. She moved gently from one object to another, from the old piano to the sandal-wood box on the little walnut table, with a quiet scornful smile at everything she saw. Presently her quick eyes caught sight of a letter—a square envelope of thick paper, addressed to "Miss Brent, The High Cottage." She took it up; a crest was on the back, a crest which Miss Peyton knew very well.

A dark frown crossed her lovely face, and her lips were once more drawn in unpleasantly. As she handled the envelope, she noticed that it was scarcely fastened. A very slight touch of moisture was all the gum had received; a touch, she was sure, would open it without showing the slightest tear. It would be easy, of course, to reseal it. She listened a moment. Not a sound was to be heard in the still July air; and, with a single touch of her deft finger, the envelope was opened. Quickly she drew out the sheet of paper and mastered its contents.

"Dollice Manor, Thursday.

"DEAR MABEL:

"Can you come over on Saturday afternoon? Only a game of tennis, a plain dinner—perhaps an impromptu dance. I expect the Ward girls and their friend, the Weycombes, the Moores, and perhaps the Hopwood-Greens. Come if you can. We will see that you have an escort home.

"Ever yours, "J. D."

"Ah! I can guess who the escort is likely to be," said Blanche to herself. She was still standing with the note in her hand when she heard a quick, light step in the passage. There was no time to replace the note in the envelope, much less to re-seal it and place it where she had found it. With one swift motion Blanche slipped note and envelope together into the pocket of her jacket, and turned with a smile to meet her friend. The door opened, and Mabel Brent walked into the room.

"What a great coarse girl! What taste the man must have!" was Blanche's internal exclamation as she shook Mabel's hand (all stained with strawberry-juice) between her own delicately-gloved fingers, and kissed the tall girl's sunburnt cheek.

"How well you are looking, Mabel!"

"I'm dreadfully sunburnt, I know," laughed Mabel.

"But it suits your style, you know; for my part I hardly dare to let the sun touch my face. What a lovely, peaceful home you have here!"

And so the conventional girl-talk went on, till Blanche judged that the time had come to put the question which she had come to the High Cottage to ask.

"Have the Dollices been here this week?" was the preliminary question.

"No," answered Mabel, with a look of surprise.

"Indeed?" said Blanche lifting her eyebrows, "Why—I thought—you must excuse me—but I thought—the fact is I came over here to-day that I might be the first to offer you my congatulations. I thought from Mr. Dollice's attentions to you at the picnic last Saturday—oh! I'm so sorry if I have offended you. I am always making mistakes, with the best intentions in the world!"

Mabel's mouth was firmly closed; she could not have spoken to have saved her life; but the little bow with which she received her visitor's lame apology was brave and dignified enough. Only she knew that, in spite of herself, a hot burning blush was spreading over her face.

"Then I may say that there is nothing in the report? Really it is very ill-natured of people to spread abroad these rumors, especially when there is no foundation for them. I'm sure I beg your pardon for referring to the matter at all. I make it a rule, indeed, never to make gossip about matters of that kind—I think it is so vulgar. Don't you? Are you going to the flower show at Somerby next week? They say everybody is to be there." And by mutual consent the subject was changed.

Presently a cup of tea was brought in, and then Blanche asked if she might see the garden, hoping that Mabel would run upstairs for her hat, and thus give her an opportunity of replacing the letter. But in this she was disappointed. Mabel never left her side; and she was forced to take her leave with the stolen letter still in her pocket. But a new idea had come into Blanche's mind.

"Are you going over to Dollice Manor on Saturday?" she asked, as she bade goodbye to Mabel at the garden gate; "they generally have tennis on Saturday, and I believe they expect some friends?"

"No," said Mabel, hastily. "I think I shall be busy on Saturday afternoon."

"So sorry; but you have quite a large family. We can't expect to have you always. Well, I may tell Miss Dollice that you are not likely to turn up. Good day."

And Blanche turned away without giving the other an opportunity of making any reply to her last words.

"How well that has turned out!" said the fair-haired girl to herself, as she wended her way homewards. "They are not engaged. I shall have the field to myself on Saturday. If she does come, she will probably have on a print dress, and slip away early when she finds a regular party. If she doesn't turn up, I will tell Miss Dollice she said she wasn't coming, as if the message came from her. No one will ever know about the letter."

And, as a matter of fact, no one ever did know about the letter, though Miss Peyton did not feel quite easy in her mind for a few days afterwards.

The tennis-party at Dollice Manor on Saturday afternoon was a great success. The weather was so lovely, a gentle wind just stirring the leaves and tempering the heat of the July sun, that Mabel was strongly inclined to change her mind and go over to the Manor. She perceived, however, that her duty lay beside a great brass pan full of half-made strawberry-jam, and with a sigh she abandoned the idea of joining her friends, and bent again over her work.

It was about half-past four when Miss Dollice happened to remark: "I wonder whether Miss Brent is coming this afternoon? she did not answer my note, so I quite expected her."

"Oh, Miss Dollice!" cried Blanche, "that reminds me that when I saw Miss Brent the other day she said she would not be here this afternoon—that she would be engaged at home. Perhaps she meant me to tell you; but I rather think she must have forgotten to answer your note."

The hostess merely answered, "Very likely," and dismissed the subject from her mind.

Meanwhile, Charles Dollice, the owner of the Manor House and a fair number of acres surrounding it, was busy among his guests. He was a very fair specimen of the young Englishman of to-day—not well read, yet fairly intelligent, fond of out-door sports, with good square shoulders and a frank, pleasant face. He had just succeeded with his partner in winning a sett; and, laying down his racket, he strolled to the tree under which his sister, Blanche, and one or two others were sitting.

Miss Peyton did not play tennis, and she did not care to learn. It made her feel unpleasantly warm, and spoiled that delicacy of complexion which was one of her charms.

Charles sat down and began to chat to her. After a while Miss Dollice and her companions went down to the tennis-courts, and the two were left alone. By-and-by they rose, and strolled down a wide avenue of lime-trees which everyone at Dollice knew as "The Limes."

The sunlight made a beautiful lace-work on the smooth white gravel as the wind moved the leaves to and fro. There was not a sound in the air, except someone calling out now and then at the tennis-court and the sleepy cawing of the rooks. The two young people strolled on side by side in silence.

"Why should I not? Why should I not?"

That was the thought that was running through the young man's mind. There had, no doubt, been something of a friendship between him and Mabel Brent—a glance, a flower offered and worn, little things that may mean something or nothing, according as they are understood. Of regular love-making there had been none. Over and over again Charley Dollice had told himself that he was his own master, that he might marry as he liked, and no one had any right to complain.

His sister was going to become the bride of a successful London lawyer in the autumn. He would be left alone. Probably he would marry. Why should he not please himself? He admired Mabel immensely, for he had sense enough to see the strength and sweetness of her character. But he admired and respected her more than he had loved her.

With Blanche it was altogether different. He was subdued by her beauty, her grace, the delicate daintiness of her whole person. More than once he had been on the point of asking her love, and yet he hesitated. Some principle in his heart rebelled.

"You must think me a very dull, not to say a rude, companion," he exclaimed, with a smile, when the silence has lasted two or three minutes.

"Oh, no, not at all. We can't be always in the mood for talking. Often I say very little to my dearest friends whom I am alone with them. But I think we should go back to the tennis-court now."

This was said very gently.

"What a sweet, sympathetic creature!" said Charley to himself. "What a fool I am to have wasted so good an opportunity!"

The afternoon wore away, and as six o'clock drew near, everybody retired to make the necessary changes of attire. Dinner was a very simple meal, and soon over; and then a little impromptu dance was begun in the drawing-room. The tall windows were open, and the soft lamplight mingled with the moonlight. Under the limes it was neither dark nor light. The twilight still lingered, and the moon sent her silver rays through the trembling leafy screen. And there Charley Dollice threw himself at the beauty's feet, declared his passion, and was accepted.

Of course there was no reason for keeping the engagement a secret. Jane and the Ward girls knew of it next day; and Charles was half offended with his sister for the way she received the news. At first she would not believe it. Then she threw herself into her brother's arms.

"Whatever girl you love I will try to love as a sister of my own, Charley; but oh!"——

"Oh! what, Jane?"

"Never mind, dear; don't let me say a word to throw a shadow on your happiness. If I would have preferred another, I will try not to show it."

On Sunday afternoon Augusta Ward contrived to whisper the news to Mabel on the way home from church.

"Indeed! I hope they will be very happy. They will make a very nice match," said Mabel.

And from the composure with which she received the intelligence Augusta made up her mind that there had been something between Charley Dollice and Mabel after all.

As for Major Brent's daughter, she went home that Sunday afternoon feeling as if the sun had gone out of the sky; and when she reached her own room she opened her desk and took from an inner drawer a withered rose. It had been put by, as she had told herself at the time, only as a souvenir of a very pleasant evening spent at the Manor. He had given it to her. Why should she not burn it?

"I cannot! I cannot!" her heart cried.

She longed to throw herself down somewhere and give way to her tears; but she would not.

"Why should I cry for him?" she said to herself. "I will not. He never loved me. He has done me no wrong. And I wish he may be very happy—and—and—it is time I went down to give the children tea."

It was about a fortnight after this that Mabel was surprised by a visit from her godmother, Lady Bromley, a "fine lady" of the old school, who lived at Cottenham Towers, about a dozen miles off.

"You are not looking well, May: what is the matter?" asked Lady Bromley, when the first greetings were exchanged.

"Indeed I am very well, only a little tired. It has been so hot lately."

"Come here, my dear."

The girl left her seat and knelt on the carpet before her godmother.

"There is a look in your eyes. What is it, my child?"

"Nothing, Lady Bromley."

"Don't tell me a fib, my dear. You have some——"

Here the kind old lady was interrupted by Mabel's flinging her arms round her neck and bursting into a flood of tears.

"There, there, my dear; don't try to speak, you'll be better presently.

"I—I—won't cry. It is so silly—so silly of me. I can't—help it," said the poor girl through her sobs.

"Come now, dear; tell me all about it. I may not be able to help you, but the telling will do you good."

And by degrees the little story was told.

"What! That little doll-faced creature who was with Ward, the attorney's wife, at the County Hospital Ball! What fools men are! Well, never mind, my dear. Our young friend will find out his mistake in due time; and I, for one, shan't be sorry for him."

"Hush, Lady Bromley," said Mabel, with a smile, putting her hand on her godmother's lips.

The old lady sat still for a few seconds, and then gave a low laugh. Mabel looked surprised.

"Only a thought that occurred to me," said Lady Bromley. "You must come to me, my child, in October; and the change will do you good. Look forward to having a pleasant visit; I will do all in my power to make it so. I can't ask you for next month, for the house will be full in September—that is, too full for quiet."

After a little more chat Lady Bromley took her departure; and when she arrived at Mr. Ward's gate she stopped the carriage and paid a visit to Mrs. Ward. The solicitor's wife was greatly flattered by this attention, and she, with her daughters Augusta, Georgiana and Gladys, and Miss Peyton, sat in a smiling and respectful circle round their visitor.

"By the way, I am expecting my old friend, Lord Wavertree, next month, and I am inviting a few friends to meet him. Would any of you like to be of the party?"

"Oh, Lady Bromley!" cried Mrs. Ward.

"Oh, Lady Bromley!" faintly echoed Augusta.

"Miss Ward, I shall be very happy to see you at the Towers for the first half of September; and you too, Miss Peyton, if you have no better engagement," said the old lady, politely.

The invitation was gladly accepted; and that matter having been satisfactorily settled, Lady Bromley's carriage rolled away from Langham Park.

The party that assembled a few weeks later at Cottenham Towers was remarkable for one thing—the very decided plainness, not to say ugliness, of the lady guests. Miss Ward, whose face had not much more expression than if it had been carved out of a turnip by a skilful artist, looked positively attractive beside the lean and ill-tempered damsels whom Lady Bromley had gathered around her. Blanche Peyton shone among them like a star.

Lord Wavertree, a well-preserved nobleman of fifty-eight, was not long in discovering this fact. His attentions were exclusively reserved for that young lady, and were received with maidenly shyness, yet with a certain graciousness. The other male members of the party were all young men, all fond of shooting, and they all, more or less, contended for Miss Peyton's smiles. Blanche had never been so happy in her life, though at times a thoughtful expression crossed her lovely face.

One beautiful autumn morning Miss Peyton sought out her hostess, and blushingly sought her advice and assistance in a delicate case of conscience.

"What," she asked, "ought a girl to do, if she has promised her hand to a young man, and then unhappily finds that her affections are centred elsewhere?"

"Tell him so," replied Lady Bromley, shortly.

"But tell whom so, my dear Lady Bromley?" asked Blanche, raising her sweet, appealing eyes to the elder lady's face.

"Why, the first one, of course," answered Lady Bromley, briskly. "You wouldn't marry a man, leading him to suppose he possessed your affections, when your heart was elsewhere?"

"N—o—o," answered Blanche, "and yet——"

"People may say ill-natured things, but after all what does it matter?" said the old lady, tranquilly, as she snipped a dead leaf off a geranium.

Miss Peyton sighed, thanked Lady Bromley politely and slipped away as soon as possible. She hardly relished the tone of her hostess's last remark.

That very morning Lord Wavertree proposed to Miss Peyton, and was accepted; and next day a letter was received at Dollice Manor which turned jolly Charley Dollice into a sort of Childe Harold for twelve

consecutive weeks.

Then the young man recovered. It was on the way home from church on Christmas morning that the momentous question was settled between him and Mabel. The happy girl went home, took out her little withered rose and kissed it.

"I shall not burn you after all, dear rose," she said, and the rest of her sentence was never formed in words.

"So these two are married!" said Lady Bromley to herself, as she fingered a silver-edged card, one bleak February morning. "Heaven forgive me if I have done wrong; but after all it serves Wavertree right for jilting poor Bertha Smith. The weather will be stormy in that household, if I'm not mistaken."

The yellow cowslips were still to be found in the woods, the narcissus was filling the garden with summer snow, when Mabel Brent became Mabel Dollice, and the old Manor House received its new mistress.

A Costly Present.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

"THERE isn't much to see; but you may as well look n w that we are here." And so saying the speaker, Reginald Dare, a young man of four-and-twenty, made way for his sister and her friend to peer through the keynole of the front entrance of a house which had been shut up and untenanted for a number of years.

"What a pity the place is not put in repair and lived in! It is so picturesque, and the view all round so fine," remarked the young lady friend, Susie Milford, applying her blue orbs to the keynole aforesaid.

"It is no fault of the owner that it is thus left to the bats and owls," said Reginald; "but the late possessor made an eccentric will. This house was bequeathed to his nephew, Lord Algernon Cranley, on condition that he either married at once and made it his place of residence, or left it empty and untouched for ten years. It is supposed that he wished in this manner to force Lord Algernon to choose a wife immediately; but the young lord, who was then but just of age and heart-whole, let the place go, locked it up, and went on his travels. So this is how it is that the beautiful galleries and saloons are covered with dust. You are taking a long look at the dust, Miss Milford," concluded Mr. Dare, with a smile.

"The dust! Oh, Mr. Dare! I saw something else!" exclaimed Susie, below her breath, and in an awe-struck tone. "Indeed I did; I am not mistaken! Do get the keys of the house-door and search the building!"

"But what did you see?" asked Reginald and his sister together.

"I saw—a little child!" faltered Susie.

"A child!" exclaimed the young man, incredulously.

"Yes, indeed I did! A little girl, seemingly not four years old, and she ran across the dusty corridor into a room at the side. She had on a dark frock and hood, and pink woollen socks. I saw all this distinctly."

"It is very curious," rejoined her listeners. "How far down the corridor was the child? Did you hear any noise of footsteps?"

"Not a sound!" answered the young girl. "I only perceived the moving figure of the little creature. Oh! what are we to do? We cannot go home and be uncertain whether there is a child shut in here all alone."

"If there is one, depend upon it it is not alone, Miss Milford; somebody must have brought it into the place. There may be an entrance at the back, through some broken shutter, and a tramp may have wandered in here to sleep. Let us go round and reconnoitre."

"This view of the case takes away the romance of the thing, doesn't it, Susie?" laughed Reginald's sister; "for it destroys the mystery at once."

"I don't want it to be a mystery," replied Susie. "I only wish to be certain that there is no little child shut up there all alone. Do let us make every attempt to ascertain," added she.

The young people instantly began a careful examination of the outer doors and windows of the Shadowy Glen, as the old place had been called for a couple of hundred years past, and shadowy indeed were the dells and belts of trees around it, and shadowy, too, the ancient corridors and nooks within.

Probably its outer aspect had never been so critically surveyed for years as it now was by the keen glance of the three pairs of youthful eyes directed to each door and casement, but not a fastening was displaced; no visible means of ingress was open to an intruder, and all was silent as the grave.

"You do not think you could have been mistaken?" hazarded Reginald Dare, when they had come to an end of their investigations."

"I am absolutely sure that I was not," asseverated the girl.

"Then I must try to get the key, though how to do so I am sure I don't know. I had better ride over to Hurlingby and ask old Mr. Thring if he can tell me how to get inside; for though he has retired from business now, he was one of the partners in the firm of Thring and Welby, who used to manage most of Lord Algernon's business."

"Do—do go, Mr. Dare," urged Susie, with tears of anxiety in her eyes.

"Do you think that I could refuse you anything?" Reginald longed to answer in a tone meant for Susie's ear alone, but that she froze him always by her coldness, though secretly she was conscious of a thrill of heavenly joy at his presence—a joy she never dared to show.

Susie was on a visit to her school-friend Mary Dare, and this is how it happened that she made the acquaintance of Reginald, a very eligible and handsome young fellow, whom anyone in the county would have been proud to wed. And Susie was not slow to discover this, and she child her own lolly in dreaming so much of this young Adonis, of his winning words and smiles.

Of course he would be kind and courteous to his sister's friend, and to kindness and courtesy ought she alone to attribute his attentions; but yet the girl's heart would glow at some unexpected glance or tone, though ever her hopes died down, and she maintained her frigidity towards him, while an impenetrable barrier arose between them. Ah! his friendship alone she would account priceless!

Alas! poor Susie, she neither knew how lovely she herself was, nor how impossible mere friendship can be between a young man, such as was Reginald Dare, and a beautiful girl like herself.

Her heart was still beating to a painful measure, when Reginald left her and his sister, in order to ride off to see old Mr. Thring; and the two girls had not got far on their homeward way when Mary espied a little pink woollen gaiter lying on the dusty road.

"Mary!" exclaimed she, with renewed excitement in her tone, "this is just such a thing as I caught sight of when the child ran along the dusty corridor in the Shadowy Glen just now. Perhaps the person who took her there passed this way!"

"It looks as if it had lain in the road for days! And you may depend upon it the child's mother is a tramp, Susie, and has some manner of entering the old house of which we know nothing. That is the explanation of what you saw, I feel assured, though I am sorry enough to destroy the romance of mystery clinging to it at first sight. However, there may be an underground passage to the cellars of the Glen, and this would restore the romance."

"It gave me a sort of shock," breathed Susie, softly.

It was a beautiful afternoon at the end of April when this incident which we have related occurred; and in another couple of hours (towards seven o'clock in the evening) Reginald returned from Hurlingby, with the information that the keys of the Glen were in the possession of the junior partner in the firm of Thring & Welby, and that he lived nearly ten miles away.

"A short journey enough by train; but there is no train till nine o'clock if you miss the six up train," Mr. Thring had explained.

"But I don't see how anybody could have got into the old house," added he. "The will restricted Lord Algernon from doing repairs if he did not take up his residence there, except that the fastenings should be looked to twice a year. Now I know that Welby has just been through the place, and t was all fastened up when he left it. He himself locked the hall door and carried away the key. I believe that he forgot to have a hasp put on one of the upper windows over the library; but this window was far from the ground and the shutters within. I used to go over the place myself when I had to overlook it, an i Welby does the same now. We talk the matter over when we meet, and he always makes a point of doing this after going over the Glen, and telling me how things are, and taking my advice. So I don't see how anybody could have got in. But I tell you what you can do, Mr. Dare—a young, active man like you. You can easily put up a ladder to that one of the back windows of which the hasp is unmended, and get into the room above the library. I know you can, because—ha! ha!—I had to manage it once myself when I was a good twenty years older than you are now. The carpenter in the village will go with you and help rear the ladder. Of course if tramps do make a practice of sleeping there we ought to stop it."

This was the report brought back by Reginald to his sister and to Susie Milford.

"You surely won't go, my dear boy!" said his indulgent mother. "At least, not to-night. I can send over the groom to Mr. Welby's to get the key for to-morrow. We shall dine in half an hour."

"Supper will do instead of dinner," returned the young man, gaily. "I hope to bring you and Miss Milford an account of a whole host of adventures long before nine o'clock, mother," added he, looking at Susie, with a smile; "so I will be off at once." And with a lingering glance at Susie he went out.

Whilst the three ladies were dining in company, Reginald walked quickly back to the Shadowy Glen, first finding the carpenter aforesaid, who agreed to rear the ladder, "with the aid of a mate of his, who would help carry it down," but who said he had no time to stay that evening, as he belonged to the volunteer corps, who were to meet and dine together that night at the White Hart, a well-known country inn a mile off.

"All right," said Reginald, "you put up the ladder, I don't want to keep you."

It was still quite light when the young man placed his foot on the first rung of the ladder. The window indicated by old Mr. Thring proved easy to raise, and though they were closed shutters within the casement, they gaped sufficiently wide to allow of an iron rod being inserted to act as a lever to raise the bar which lay across them.

Reginald threw up the sash, pushed back the shutters, and vaulted on the dusty floor. Though it was still full daylight the empty room had a ghostly look: and it was grievous to see the richly carved furniture, and the heavy gilded frames of the pictures decaying for want of being touched.

The young man gave one glance around, then threw open the door, and passed on into the passage beyond, where the light struggled through panes thick with the dust of years.

He listened; no echoes awoke the stillness; the dust, and the once thick, though now crumbling carpeting beneath his feet, deadened the sound of his tread as he went on somewhat at random seeking the entrance hall and corridor, where Susie Milford had declared that she had seen the little girl.

It was not difficult to find; and he soon stood within the front hall. The wide door was locked, though not barred or bolted—a natural thing—as the last person who had gone out could only fasten the entrance by turning the heavy key in the huge lock.

With an impression that he should find the house empty, Reginald passed swiftly though softly to the back of the building, but paused ere he had reached the door which evidently divided the living-rooms from the servants' offices, for suddenly there smote on his ear the voice of a child!

"Mummy, why doesn't father come?"

These were the words he caught; and at the same moment, through the chink of a half opened door, he perceived a little girl sprawling on a cushion on the floor, and a woman—her sleeves tucked up—cooking something, her back towards him, as she knelt before the clear embers on the hearth.

Reginald remained perfectly motionless, and could plainly hear the woman's remarks to the child:

"I wish your father would come, I know I'm tired to death, shut up here day after day! I want a breath of fresh air! Why doesn't he leave us the key, then we could get out after dark!"

"There ne is, mummy! I heerd the door!" cried the little girl.

Yes! a muffled sound, as of a door opening and closing, reached the spot where Reginald stood. There was no time to pause. In an instant he had stepped within a recess close by, shrouded now by the increasing gloom, and by several old cloaks and shawls depending from the wall.

The young man had but just time to conceal himself, when a somewhat heavy step passed his hiding-place, and a man's voice called out:

"Are you there, Martha?"

"Why, where should I be? You've locked me into this old house, and you know well enough that I can't get out of it without the key. I'll go at once, though and the poor child, too, now that you are here. We can sleep to-morrow; 'tis not too lively in here, I can tell you."

"No; but consider the stake we gain if you find what we want! Eh, Marf? Besides you haven't been here more than eight days. How many rooms have you searched? What have you done to-day?"

"I've been all through the old man's bedroom—not left a pin undiscovered! And it was sharp work to finish by daylight; there was so much to look through. Come! what have you brought us? We want something nice—the child and me!"

"And here it is, too! See! a fine bit of ham, and a cold chicken, which cost me nothing, I can tell you! Mr. Welby likes good living, and he has a famous lot of poultry. Howsoever, this is for us! The cook's my friend, and she thinks you and the child are away at your mother's, ill. Ha! ha! Well, you're putting on your shawl I see! Here, I'll put on Janey's cloak, and we'll all go together."

"That's right!" said the woman. "Come along. I'm sure if this precious necklace is found I ought to have three parts——"

"And so you shall—you and Janey!" rejoined the man soothingly. "Now let's make the most of our time."

Saying which, they moved away down the corridor, and a moment or two afterwards Reginald heard the door open and shut.

Who were they? And would they discover the ladder by which he had entered? He trusted not. Anyhow, he must act at once; he must let Mr. Welby know what had occurred, immediately.

Rushing into the room just vacated by the man and woman, he gave a hasty glance at the things scattered about. A child's frock lay on a chair; this might help to identify these people, and, thrusting the garment hastily into his coat-pocket, he made for the ladder.

Twilight had now shrouded all things, but there was plenty of light out of doors by which to steer one's course, and to distinguish whether any one was at the foot of the ladder.

No; the intruders must have gone the other way!

Now! now! if he could catch the nine o'clock train, and if Mr. Welby was at home, why then these people could be made to give an account of themselves as soon as they returned from their night's walk.

The train was a quarter of an hour going from Hurlingby to Wrighton, and Mr. Welby's house was but five minutes walk distant.

Reginald Dare found Mr. Welby in his study, talking to a very distinguished looking young man, who listened with even more attention than Mr. Welby himself to the hurried but clear account given by our hero.

"I am very much indebted to you," said the distinguished individual, courteously, to Reginald. "I may introduce myself as the owner of the Glen, Lord Algernon Cranley."

"Who can it be who possessed himself of the key of the house?" exclaimed Mr. Welby, "Stay!" and he rang the bell sharply.

A neat maid servant answered the summons.

"Can you tell me," said Mr. Welby holding out to view the little plaid frock so hastily snatched up to serve as evidence by Reginald, from the room tenanted by the intruders at the Shadowy Glen—"can you tell me whether this belongs to the coachman's child? I thing I have seen his little girl running about in it in my stable yard."

"Dear, yes, sir!" replied the maid. "I hope no accident has happened to the poor child, sir?"

"I hope not! We are going to ascertain. This gentleman," indicating Reginald, who stood by, bewildered, "has just found it."

Then, rising.

"Come, Lord Algernon; we've no time to lose, your dog-cart is at the door—shall we all drive over together?"

"The very thing!" rejoined Lord Algernon quickly.

And the three gentlemen were soon driving with full speed toward the Glen, Mr. Welby remarking as they went:

"We will catch the thief in his own net, and be ready to receive him on his return from his walk, that is if he gives us a half hour longer."

"And who is the thief?" said Lord Algernon, as he whipped up his spirited horse.

"My own coachman, I cannot doubt," replied the lawyer. "He and his wife have learned from the other servants that the late owner of the Glen possessed two pearl n cklaces of great value; that at his death only one of these necklaces was to be found; that the eccentric old gentleman made an effort, as was supposed, to reveal the place in which he had concealed the other, uttering with labored breath the words, "In the house—search—necklace," but that he died without being able to divulge the secret. Can I avoid the suspicion that this servant of mine has employed his wife to make a thorough search through the whole house in order to discover the missing necklet? He has given out that his wife's mother is dangerously ill, and for the past week or more the woman and her little girl have been absent. I only trust we may arrive at the Glen before he and she can make good their flight, as they will do if they go round to the back of the house and discover the ladder reared up at the window. The fellow has been cunning enough to plan his fraud just at the most likely time for success, as he is aware that I have been all over the house lately to see to the fastenings (indeed he himself drove me over on two or three occasions) and he is pretty sure that I should not go there again, or indeed anyone else, during the next three months. Of course he has managed to secrete the key, for it is gone out of my drawer. Well, Lord Algernon, we shall soon be within sight of the Glen. Your horse steps out famously! Y u did not conjecture, I will venture to say, this sort of home-coming after your long absence."

"No, indeed," replied the young nobleman, with a smile.

A few minutes afterwards, leaving the groom who had accompanied them to hold the horse's head, Reginald, Lord Algernon, and Mr. Welby approached the old house, which lay silent and in gloom.

"We are in time!" breathed Reginald, softly, as he caught sight of the ladder.

"In time—no! There is a woman flitting out of sight! Don't you see her?" rejoined Lord Algernon.

Yes, and so did Reginald at that moment, but why did his heart give so frantically-wild a leap in his bosom? The graceful, shadowy form he dimly distinguished was not that of the woman whom to-night he had seen in the Glen. No. It reminded him of Susie. It was Susie herself! Why was she here? To learn tidings of him? If so, then she was not indifferent to him; nay, he was dear to her! For she could only be there to assure herself of his safety.

Rushing forward, he was soon holding Susie's hands and whispering to her fondly:

"Susie—Susie! Presently you shall tell me why you came here. Whether I am indeed the happiest, most fortunate man in the world. Dear, dearest Susie!"

"I came—I came," breathed Susie, hysterically, "because Mary—Mary was so alarmed, and also Mrs. Dare."

"Oh, Susie, you are more to me than all the world!" rejoined Reginald, holding fast her trembling fingers in his own.

By this time Mr. Welby, following Lord Algernon, had made good their entrance; and Reginald confiding Susie for a few brief moments to the care of the old servant whom she had persuaded to accompany her, stood by their side. Hush! there was a movement—a cry. it was plain that the intruders had returned, and also that something unusual had occurred.

Creeping softly, but swiftly, forward in the direction of that cry, the three gentlemen gained a view of a woman fastening round her neck a row of pearls before a dusty mirror.

"To think of finding it after all—and so unexpected, too! To think of its falling out of the drawer at the back of this very mirror!" exclaimed she, in great excitement.

Her husband and the child, standing with their backs to the half-open door, shared her absorption.

It was plain that, just returned from their night walk, the woman had thrown off her shawl and bonnet in the old chamber, where she had prepared a bed for herself and the child, and that she was about to put the latter to bed when the great discovery was made, by chance, for which she had bartered her safety.

Before she could remove the necklace Lord Algernon advanced.

"That belongs to me," he said.

And next Mr. Welby came to the front, calmly saying to his affrighted servant:

"You will have to account for being here before a magistrate."

* * * * * * *

Reader, the natural consequence following this night's incidents was that Susie confessed her love for Reginald, and that all mists and doubt were cleared from their horizon.

"But I should have gone away hopeless, my dearest!" said the happy Reginald; "for you were always so frozen towards me, how could I dare to speak my affection?"

"And I—I believed you were going to marry Lady Feodore Linton!" whispered the blushing Susie; "so how could I dare to show anything of what I felt?"

"The wretched pain I suffered is all vanished like mist before our sun of joy!" added the rapturous lover.

But by this time Lord Algernon, who had naturally called on Reginald Dare to express his thanks anew, had made the acquaintance of Mary and of Susie, and had been told the fortunate result of Susie's discovery at the Shadowy Glen. And as his lordship had fallen in love at first sight with lovely Mary Dare, and was thrilling with his new-found happiness, he declared that no better use could be made of the pearl necklace than to beg Susie to accept it as his wedding gift.

So this is how it happened that Mary Dare became Lady Algernon Cranley, and that Susie Milford became the owner of such a costly wedding gift.

The Figure 9.

BY T. CASSELL.

ONCE upon a time, a long, long while ago, the tall tower that one sees at the head of the Eschenheimer Street in Frankfort-on-the-Main joined itself on to the tower-ramparts, which, naturally enough were a favorite resort for the inhabitants when leisure and fine weather tempted them out for a promenade.

Now this tower is capped by five pinnacles, the center one of which supports a vane, or weather-cock, that boasts a peculiarity irresistible to the curiosity of the strangers, who immediately set to work to make inquiries, and are answered by a rehearsal of the following legend:

In days long since gone by, there sat in one of the deepest dungeons of the tower a lonely prisoner, bemoaning his unhappy fate. All in the prime of youth was he, and he was to die by the hand of the executioner on the morrow. The genial sun that had been his companion and playfellow from infancy was smiling in at the grating of the prison cell, and doing his best to comfort him.

"Cheer up, Peter!" said he. "Recollect that thou canst die but once. Why not tomorrow as well as years hence? Thou wilt be saved, by an early death, a sea of troubles. I will not desert thee in the supreme moment; though thine unlovely ending should call for a rain of tears, I will control my feelings for thy sake, and with a bright face look down upon thee lovingly while thy brave spirit speeds its flight to a happier world than this."

"It's all very well for thee to talk so glibly about my being hanged and going to a happier world!" was the prisoner's reply, as he sat crouching on the dungeon floor, with his back to the sun. "Thou meanest well enough, I doubt me not; though, could thou and I change places, thy tune would be changed likewise. What have I done to deserve such a horrible fate? If there is such a thing as justice upon earth, thine old friend Peter would not be hanged; at least, not yet awhile."

"That is not the point," said the Sun. "It is, alas! no question of justice or injustice. The decree hath gone forth, and, I fear me, neither prayers nor entreaties can stay its execution.

"But why am I to be hanged?" urged Peter. "Have I at any time taken the life of man, woman or child? Have I not always been a jolly good fellow, adored by my companions, and admired by the fair ones of Frankfort?"

"Yea; and deservedly so my friend. None will miss thee, though, more than I shall, for have we not played together in the open fields and vineyards well nigh on to six-and-thirty years?"

"Ah, me! ah me! It is hard—very hard—to have to die so soon; to leave my darling wife and little ones; and bid adieu to field sports and thee! Sun, this world is very beautiful! And to think of leaving all this for the sake of a few thousand head of game—it seems a cruel and unrighteous judgment. Are not these animals sent to be food for man? Answer me this."

"Whatever thou and I may think on this matter, Peter," replied the Sun, "the Guild of Foresters has its own opinion too, and—what is more—the power to back it up——"

"As I know to my cost! But go away, sunshine; my heart is heavy, and I would be alone. Thou are out of keeping with this dismal cell and my equally dismal thoughts."

"Good-bye, then, Peter; till to-morrow"' said the sunbeam, sadly; "I will not forget my promise."

So sooner has the Sunbeam withdrawn from the grating than there is a noise of a cranking of keys and the creaking of rusty bolts outside. The turnkey pushes open a crack of the heavy door, studded with the heads of great nails, and gives admission to a long bearded monk. The turnkey retreats, closing the door upon the two.

"Thou must make clean shrift, my son," said the confessor kindly, advancing toward the condemned man. "To-morrow, shortly after dawn, thou wilt be called on to suffer the penalty of thy crimes against the game-laws; yet there may be other sins of which I would fain absolve thee while there is yet time. Therefore unburden thy soul to me, I adjure thee, in a free and full confession. But first assure me, dost though repent of, and abhor, the traffic thou hast held with the Evil One?"

"What traffic, father?" asks the poacher, hoarsely.

"Thou needst not feign ignorance with me. It but makes the guilt the blacker. It is a known fact—attested by some of thy companions, and by all the goodly band of Foresters—that the bullets thou hast used in thine unlawful pastime have been charmed by Satan."

"Charmed bullets, father? Now may heaven forfend——"

"Lie not, my son, 'twill be of no avail," interrupts the monk, frowning.

"As surely as there is a heaven above us," exclaims the poacher, raising his eyes and hands upwards in energetic assertion that what he said was true, "the charge is false! I have at no time entered into league with the great enemy of mankind, neither are my bullets charmed."

"Could this be proven, I would gladly intercede for thee. Thy using charmed bullets is the one prominent feature in thy case that hath brought upon thee the extreme penalty of death."

"Let them bring me, then, a gun and bullets; thou shalt bless the bullets, father, which, in the eyes of all, will dispel the charm, if any there should be about them; and I will aim nine times at the vane of this tower in which I am confined, and every shot shall tell home. Will that be proof that my skill as a marksman counts for something in this business?"

"And thou offerest to do this in the presence of thine accusers and thy judges?"

"Yea, and in presence likewise of the whole town of Frankfort."

As the man spoke, his countenance betrayed that the confidence he possessed in his own prowess was no idle boast. New life was dawning upon him. Hope beamed from his fine blue eyes, and excitement swelled a great vein in the centre of his forehead.

"Thou canst answer for't that thine arm will not fail thee—that thy nerve will stand the test that thou wouldst impose upon it?"

"Heaven helping me, I have no fear of failure!" was the dauntless reply, and the prisoner reverently bowed his head.

"Then may Heaven, indeed, help thee! But thou art a bold man, Peter!" returned the monk.

"Thou wilt place mine offer before the council, father?"

"Yea, verily. And, that no time may be lost, I will despatch the business at once. Fare thee well! I will see thee anon.

The confessor had not been gone long ere the poor prisoner fell into a sound slumber. Certainly he did not look like a man who had sold himself to the Evil One, for a smile of sweet peace rested on his handsome countenance, and he seemed to be dreaming of happy days gone by, without a thought of his present perilous position. So he might have continued for hours, for when the turnkey approached to bring him his evening meal, the noise of his coming had, apparently, only just aroused him.

"Good evening, sirrah!" said Peter to him, quite gaily.

Such levity coming from a man who was to be hanged on the morrow, quite scandalised the good fellow at first; but when he reflected thereon, he came to the conclusion that the prisoner was so light hearted because he had unburdened his conscience, and was shriven. And then great pity overcame him, and he grieved that one so pleasant, lusty, and strong should be given over to meet such a hideous death; for he knew that the Guild of the Foresters were determined upon making an example of this man, whom they had, after many a wild-goose chase, succeeded at last in catching, and who was the head and chief of an incorrigible band of poachers that had long and openly defied them.

But the monk, according to his promise, had gone straight to the proper authorities with the bold proposition of this notorious Peter, and a solemn council was to be held the same day to deliberate upon whether this chance for his life should be given him or no.

"He is such a brazen rascal!" said one.

"I," said another, "consider that it would be simple madness to give him even this narrow loophole for escape, after the precious dance he hath let us."

"Pooh! 'A loophole for escape,' d'ye call it? What man alive could shoot nine times at the tower-vane and not once miss the mark?"

"Especially with bullets that have been blest!" put in a fourth.

"It's only a ruse, I take it to effect a rescue. There is, doubtless, a secret understanding with the townfolk, who love him," a fifth opined.

"Let the monk be summoned," exclaimed the judge.

Accordingly the monk appeared, and, being consulted on the matter, set all suspicions at rest as to the possibility of any collusion between the townsfolk and the prisoner.

"The idea of his trying this extraordinary test of skill," said he, "originated entirely on the spur of the moment, my lord. I told the man that his condemnation to death was mainly caused by the charges made against him, and corroborated by trustworthy evidence, that he had been in league with the devil, and that by satanic aid his bullets had always gone home. He stoutly denied the imputation, and with such a ring of truthfulness in his voice and nobility of bearing as to disarm the most settled conviction. And then, to prove the accuracy of his marksmanship, he volunteered, in the most natural way in the world, to perform this unheard of prodigy, with bullets that had been blest!"

"Enough!" said the judge. "The man shall stand or fall according to the test he hath chosen—that is, if ye be willing, most worshipful members of the council."

"We are willing—we are willing!" they exclaimed one and all.

"The Master of the Guild of Foresters, must cast his own bullets and provide the gun," suggested one among their number; "otherwise we shall be accused of trickery, and a device to let off the depredator of the preserves——"

"Thou art right, Mannheimer," said the judge. "But, remember—one miss and he forfeits his life."

And so it came to pass that, when the monk followed the turnkey—which he did shortly after the prisoner's supper had been taken to him—he was able to impart the glad tidings that his proposal had been accepted by the court.

It had been agreed—the monk told him—that he, Peter, was to be escorted, early on the morrow, to any spot on the terrace that he himself should choose; and from thence to trace, with blest bullets cast by the Master of the Guild of Foresters, the figure 9, in so many holes, made consecutively, upon the tower vane.

If he failed in one shot, he was to be led to instant execution; but if, against all probability, he should prove successful, he should, then and there, receive a free pardon for all his past delinquencies, and be set at liberty.

"Praised be Heaven!" cried Peter, in a transport of joy: "and may the best blessings strew thy path, good father, for the mercy thou hast shown of me in consenting to become my mediator with the council. I already feel myself a free man again, and am all impatience to embrace my poor wife and children."

The good monk stayed with him one hour, and then left him with his benediction.

The news of this coming trial of marksmanship, upon which a life depended, spread like wildfire, and business in Frankfort was almost at a standstill, so absorbed was the interest taken in the stake.

When morning dawned, the crowd already assembled upon the ramparts was astounding, and every heart beat loud and fast with fear and hope as the critical moment drew on.

Among the crowd were many Foresters whose animosity had given place to cordial sympathy with the intrepid poacher who possessed such extraordinary confidence in his prowess. Presently there were a rustle and a whispering among the multitude. The judge and the council were seen to be coming, heralded by soldiery, who conducted them to seats prepared for them in the best position for viewing the tragedy, in nine acts, to be performed by Peter the poacher.

The Master of the Guild ascended the tower, and cast nine bullets, which the monk immersed in holy water, freshly consecrated and blest. Then the Master descended the stairs, and took up his post at the foot of the tower, to await the arrival of the prisoner.

It was now nine o'clock in the morning, and the old Sun peeped out of a fleecy veil to make recognizances, and smile a smile of encouraging greeting upon the auburn waves of curly hair that were the sole covering of the noble head of his friend and playfellow, who, as the clock had finished striking, was led forth from the dungeon, amid a strong escort of military guards. At a sign from him the procession stepped.

"Yes—this will do!" said the doomed man, measuring the distance of the vane with his keen, practised eye.

Then he cast an imploring look behind him at the Sun, who, the next moment, draped himself in soft clouds, and held them tightly round him. Then the Master of the Guild of Foresters approached with his gun and blessed bullets, and the monk opened his mouth in earnest admonition, beseeching the condemned to desist from his undertaking and not to tempt Providence, unless in his inmost soul, he were sure that he really had no dealings with the Evil One. But Peter, smiling, waved him courteously aside, and held out his hand for the gun which the Master of the Guild had loaded and was prepared to give him.

Truly it was a sublime sight, and that vast assembly—awestruck, and in the profoundest silence—looked on with a fascination that was painful in its intensity. Calmly he stood—Peter, the poacher—the most self-contained of all. He took the proffered gun and deliberately aimed at the vane. A sharp report—the weather-cock shivered and spun round.

Then arose such a shout as Frankfort had never heard before. Hats and handkerchiefs waved in the air. Men hurrahed and women fainted. For the Sunlight streamed through the hole made by bullet No. 1.

Then again there was another report, and bullet No. 2 whizzed through the balmy atmosphere, and made another opening to the vane. The marksman was pale as a corpse, the muscles of his face seemed made of iron, and a strange, fierce light flashed in his eye.

Still another blest bullet was rammed into the gun. There was another steady aim and another loud crack. The curve of the 9 was apparent to all. Six times more the tragic shot was fired, and at the last the figure was complete!

The triumphat hunter threw away his gun, fell upon his knees, bowed his head, and folded his hands in prayer. Not one among that goodly throng was there that did not follow his example. He was next led forth with honor through the gateway which but half an hour ago it was doubtful that he would ever cross alive again.

"He shall be one of the Guild of Foresters," cried the Master, so overcome that he actually shed tears. But though Peter gravely accepted the compliment thrust upon him, he left Frankfort in disgust—never to return.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

An indignant matron calls for reform in the hand-writing of young ladies. She is eloquent upon the want of grace displayed in their penmanship, and condemns it as "bold, coarse, and vulgar," as compared with the delicate Italian style in vogue a few years ago. But is it not a fact that the young ladies have altered as much as the writing, and is not writing considered a sure and certain test of character?

In many of the business houses in Paris, and especially of those in which the cellars are used as offices, glass is now being extensively employed instead of boards for flooring. At the headquarters of the Credit Lyonnais, the whole of the ground floor is paved with large squares of roughened glass; and in the cellars beneath there is, even on dull days, sufficient light to enable the clerks to work without gas. The prime cost is considerably greater than that of boards, but owing to its almost unlimited durability, glass is, in the long run, far cheaper. The material is cast in slabs about eighteen inches square by an inch and a half thick, and transmits a bluish light.

The coral necklace which the Queen of Italy is said to wear continually has a history. Five years ago the Prince of Naples, her son, heir-apparent to the throne of Italy, was strolling through a street in Venice, when his eye was attracted by the necklace in the show window of a jeweller's shop. He at once determined to buy it for his mother, the Queen. But the price was far beyond the capacity of his pocket, and, though destined to be King Victor Emmanuel III., he was compelled to ask the jeweller for credit. The bargain was that the prince should buy the necklace bit by bit, according as he could save enough from his pocket-money. On leaving the jeweller's shop on the first occasion the prince carried away with him five beads, which he carefully guarded. It was two years before he was able to buy the whole necklace. When the Queen afterward learned the secret of the purchase, she made a resolve to wear this charming exhibition of her son's love on all occasions, and hence she wears it every day, and gives it a place even when she wears her state jewels.

The Battenbergs and other families are the offsprings of the morganatic marriages of German royal personages. In morganatic marriage the left hand is given instead of the right. The rule which prevents a German prince from contracting any marriage, save a morganatic one, with a lady of inferior rank, is still rigorously observed, and has formed the basis of many a romance of real life, while it has also led to a good deal of misery and dishonor. Prince Alexander of Wittgenstein has, however, refused to allow the regulations to stand in the way either of his affection or of his duty. Some time ago his wife, a lady of princely blood, died; and the widower soon fell in love with the governess of his children. As a prince he could not legally marry her, and could at best confer on her only the doubtful position of a morganatic spouse. He has therefore renounced his hereditary rank, and is now known simply as Count von Stachenburg. It is interesting to note that a few years ago his elder brother acted in a similar manner, and, in order to marry the lady of his choice, became Count von Altenkirchen. The Battenbergs are the morganatic children of the Austrian Field-Marshal, Prince Alexander of Hesse-Battenberg.

There are at the present moment thirty-six reigning sovereigns in Christendom, from the Queen of England, to whom 287,000,000 of human beings owe allegiance, to the Prince of Monaco, whom 5,741 subjects acknowledge as their liege lord. Of these princes, ten are nominally Roman Catholics—namely, the Emperors of Austria and Brazil, the Kings of Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Bavaria, Saxony, the Princess of Liechtenstein and Monaco. At least three of these monarchs, however, are very far from being on friendly terms with the Pope, the King of Italy actually lying under sentence of excommunication; while the King of Saxony, himself a Catholic, rules over a population almost exclusively Protestant. Of the remaining twenty-six princes, two belong to the Greek Church, through the Czar and the King of the Hellenes belong to different branches of it. The other twenty-four are Protestant, six [illegible] Lutheran, four (including the German Emperor) belonging to the Reformed Church, and one being the "supreme head on earth" of the Church of England. But the vast majority of Queen Victoria's subjects (150,000,000) are neither Protestants nor Catholics, but Hindoos, while the Mohammedans, 40,000,000 in number, of themselves as numerous as the Protestants of all denominations.

Our Young Folks.

THE TWO MERRY SKATERS.

BY E. S.

MASTER NAILER was in "Coventry" when the Frost King was stalking the land, binding all the rivers and streams of water generally. With his own peculiar fetters in his own peculiar way. Then, too, he nipped folks' noses and heels with frost-bites and chilblains—in fact, he played all sorts of tyrannical tricks; but vouchsafed good skating to those most unworthy subjects of his, called boys.

So they shouted, "Hurrah for Frost King!" all except Master Nailer, and he was in "Coventry"—the silent land—where no boy converts with his fellows.

The small fry of Heatherly School were off on a paper chase, their elders occupied with some famous skating at some distance, leaving Master Nailer to his own devices.

"Well, I'll be off to the mill-pond," quoth he, talking with himself, and walking with himself, as was his wont. "There's no bad skating to be had there. I don't see why I should be out in the cold and away from everything."

"Well, Master Nailer, where are you off to?"

It was Farmer Smith put the question, crossing his path ere he had reached the desirable mill-pond.

"Look here; going to use these," said Master Nailer, jingling his skates in the other's face.

"Not on the mill pond?"

"Yes, on the mill-pond."

"Will it bear? Have a care where you go."

"Of course it will bear, or I shouldn't be going there."

"Well, I thought of the same thing myself, only I fancied it wasn't safe; but if the Doctor allows you to go there, of course that settles the matter," quoth the farmer.

Farmer Smith was not old, in fact, he liked to be thought young. The Heatherly boys called him green; but then, who heeds what a school-boy says?

Nailer was not green; he was just a little conceited, and given to thinking his way the best way in the world.

"Well, then, come on, and make thinking into doing," returned Master Nailer.

"I will, presently; go you on and begin the fun—only be careful;" so spoke Farmer Smith.

"Of course I shall be careful," replied Nailer, with the dignity of a big wig, and so the two parted.

Ah! the heavens smiled deeply blue above his head, the earth around him rejoiced in its wintry beauty. It was a splendid sheet of ice, the spacious mill-pond, frozen over deep, deep depths below, the surface hard, firm, and seemingly secure—an icy high way.

"Of course I shall be careful," said Master Nailer, when he reached it, donning his skates, and scanning the glittering sunlit space.

Not a creature was in sight, but the fair winter's day seemed to shake with secret laughter, as our hero struck out over the ice.

Along the edges he wheeled and scudded his airy way, at first giving dives and darts into the interior, as his young blood leaped quicker and faster through his veins with the exercise, and the fair expanse of ice seemed to beckon and call him with bejewelled fingers.

"Why, 'tis as firm as a house," said he, with all the experience of boyhood years; and now he went flying towards the mill-head, as it was called, the deepest part of the whole pond.

Ah, Nailer suspected treachery there, and fancied he heard a crack, so he went careering away; but, like a moth around a candle, he must needs return again and again, just to make sure that he was not a coward.

Well, it was very lonely; he missed the shouts and laughter of other skaters—half the fun in any pastime lies in companionship.

Then he fell to cutting figures on the ice—all sorts of grotesque shapes and forms—with his skates; a network of intricate lines and counter lines, while the winter winds exulted and laughed, as if they knew what was coming.

What was coming?

For one thing, Farmer Smith put in his appearance—he and his dog Nip.

How or when, Master Nailer never knew, for he never saw his advent there; he only saw him, a heavy man and a bungler on skates, skimming and stumbling towards the mill-head, where awhile ago he had suspected treachery lay, and had fancied he heard an ominous crackling.

"I say," shouted he when he noted whither the other was tending, "I say, best keep away from there; I've been there, but 'tisn't safe for you,"—vainglory in his rippling voice, as the wind caught his words and bore them on.

"Nonsense! What's good for the goose is good for the gander," was the counter reply.

"But I say 'don't safe.'"

"Ay, ay, I've heard young gentlemen be fine teachers."

"But 'tis the truth; I thought I heard a crack when I was there."

"Yes, yes, I know you; you want to make it out I don't know a fine sheet of ice when I see one. Ha, ha!"

Well, this was taking it as a joke, when Nailer was in sober earnest; still, he could but laugh in response, seeing how the fellow floundered and nearly toppled over again and again, trying to poise himself, while they thus bandied words to and fro through space.

"Come down here—'tis good skating—or I know you'll go flump through with your dead weight—I can see that."

"Ay, ay, Master Nailer; I've heard your chaff *before* to-day," was the contemptuous reply borne to him by the merry winds.

Ah! crack was the sound borne across the ice as well.

Master Nailer heard it; Mr. Smith heard and saw too, floundering over those deeper depths, cracks around him, cracks everywhere near him, as Nailer expressed it afterwards, when that had happened which almost makes one's hair bristle in the telling.

"Hold on there!" shouted Nailer loudly.

"To what, lad? to what?" roared Mr. Smith, to all appearances dancing a hornpipe on his heels upon the splitting ice.

"Make a dart for it," was Nailer's shrill response, making good his words by speeding over the ice towards him, like a winter sunbeam among all those other beautiful nothings, flitting and dancing in his wake as in glee.

"But how can I dart when the ice won't let me?"

"Oh, bother the ice! jump, leap—anything!" cried reassuring Nailer, his young figure seeming to grow apace at his own inspiriting words.

"Oh! Master Nailer, I'm going!"

It was ludicrous to hear the man appealing to the reed of a boy, vaulting along so swiftly to his rescue.

"Bow-wow-wow!" yelped Nip, in terror for his master, if not for himself, floundering among the cracking, snapping, yielding ice.

"Come out of it, man! come out of it!" cried Nailer still hastening on.

Noble words, brave deeds, dreadful tragedies take long in the telling; but what heaped up thoughts can be uttered, what terrors can be lived through, in a few brief seconds!

"Come out of it! I can't; it seems as if witches were clutching at my heels," roared adventurous Smith. Help! help!" and tall, stripling Nailer was at his elbow, stretching out his hand, if so be he could snatch him from danger, and spirit him away to safer footing.

And he might have done it but for that fussy dog; what must Nip do but dart in front of Nailer, just as he was clutching Smith—ay, right athwart his track.

The lad caught his foot in him, lost his equilibrium, Smith quite lost his; then bump went Smith backward on the ice, through the ice, into a fearful chasm.

"Oh, Nailer, I'm lost, and all through a dog!" so the sinking man bewailed his fate.

Oh, horror! he was not going alone into the watery shades; head foremost went Nailer after him—he could not help it to save his life. Ay, and surely life and death were, so to speak, wrestling for the mastery on the glittering ice-field.

Ha, ha! the cold water clutched them, the winds exulted, the ice opened wider, like some greedy mouth in eager anticipation.

Nailer's hat lies on the ice, Smith's floats on the circling pool above their grave. Nip yelps and peers in where the two lie hidden.

Poor Nailer, in a deeper, darker, more silent "Coventry" than he had ever been in before—he and Smith, the man who would not be admonished by a boy.

Ha! there was pluck in Smith somewhere though, for, in less time than we have taken to mourn over their untimely end, up pops a shaggy, dripping head out of the water, and he, the owner of the head, flounders out.

How he did it he never could tell, but he scrambled on to the unstable ice, and then peered down into the horrible abyss.

"Master Nailer—I say, Master Nailer, give me your hand. I helped you in, 'twere hard if I can't help you out," said he, chuckling to keep his courage, for at first, no Nailer rose to the surface, and Smith was on the point of plunging in again, when up he rose.

Well, Smith seized him by the collar and landed him on the ice, when—ho, ho!—the ice gave way, and in they both toppled, head over heels a second time. Nip almost screamed at this second escapade, which, truly, was no child's play.

"Well, what on earth is up at the mill-head? Two heads bobbing about in a hole in the ice, and Farmer Smith's dog barking like mad at them?" cried one of those other worthy skaters, marching homeward among the red sunbeams.

Whoop! the whole party bore down upon them like a pack of hounds in full cry. To the winds with "Coventry." Why, 'twas Nailer and Farmer Smith!

"Well, Nailer, what makes you both flounder there like two big fishes?" was their salutation. "Hold on—we'll be at you."

Now hand to hand, foot to foot, there they go—a human chain is forming.

"Hold on a little longer, and we'll be at you two minnies." So the foremost cheered them.

Now creep, creep, creep they go, athwart the ice, a warm, generous human chain of redhacking school-boys. Ah, they have Smith out; well-nigh benumbed with cold as he is, knew him he in to their chain. Now they fish up Nailer.

"By hook and by crook! Now back—move back; gingerly, now!" so they shout.

The ice sways; but school-boys' hearts are brave and true.

"Hip—hip—hurrah!" the evening air rings with their voices.

"Now, you water-rats, be quick, and run for your lives, which we've given you another lease for."

So the lads admonished our dripping heroes, and, making good their word, they hurried them along, at steam-engine pace, as Nailer averred, "to outwit a bad cold," they told them.

And the cold was outwitted, but neither of our two merry skaters ever ventured to skate at the mill-head again.

As to "Coventry," Nailer was too much a hero to be thrust into that place again, seeing he had tried to save a life and almost lost his own.

TOMMY'S TOBOGGAN.

BY L. F.

I SAY, Evan, I've made a toboggan!" cried Tom Thresher one morning to his friend.

"Made a what?" asked Evan Jones, with his eyes wide open as he could extend them, and looking like an owl. "A what?"

"A toboggan, silly," replied his friend with some contempt; "don't you know what that is?"

"Yes, I know what 'that' is, but what's a toboggan? Is it alive?"

"You stupid boy! How could I make it if it were alive?" retorted Tom. "No, it's a snow-sleigh—a thing we can slide down the hill-side in, and go like the wind. We'll go the very first opportunity, and get Arthur Jackson to come with us."

"But suppose it doesn't snow?" said Evan, who was a very practical-minded lad. "We cannot go if it doesn't snow, Tommy, you know."

"Don't talk poetry, Evan—it's worse than your Welsh words. But it will soon snow, for I've seen five robins together; and whenever you see five robins on one bush, you may be certain there is snow in the air."

Whether the robins had anything or nothing to do with the weather, I cannot exactly determine. At any rate, in two days the snow began to fall, and Tom was in great glee concerning the new toboggan.

For three nights and two days the snow fell, covering the earth in its thick white carpet, loading the trees, warming the soil, and nursing the seeds in the ground until springtime bade them come up.

Tom and Evan started one December morning "as brisk as bees;" and not so "light as fairies," it was, no doubt, because they carried the toboggan (or wooden sleigh on runners.)

The lads called for Arthur Jackson, who lived near the heath, whither they were bound. Arthur saw them plunging up the drive, and came to meet them at the hall-door.

"Halloo, you fellows, what have you there? A butcher's meat tray is it, or what? I have never seen such a thing."

"Look here, Jackson," cried Tom, "if you call my toboggan names I'll punch your head."

"Call your what names!" That thing—a—to—what? Say it again, Tom, and take it easy; don't alarm me, for I'm nervous."

Arthur pretended to shake and shiver in great terror, and clung to the door-handle for support. But he rather overdid it, for he pulled the door, which closed with a bang, and sent him down the steps headlong into a pile of snow.

"Bravo!" cried Evan Jones; "you did that splendidly. I thought it was an accident. I must say you are an active fellow, Arthur Jackson. I wish I——"

"I wish you would hold your tongue, Taffy," replied Arthur, rather snappishly. "Yes, I rather think I did it neatly." He did not quite understand Evan, though.

"Splendidly!" replied Evan. "If you only fall as neatly from Tom's toboggan you will amaze everybody."

Tom and Arthur looked at each other. Was Taffy chaffing them both? It looked like it; and yet he would not dare, surely!

"Well, come along, Arthur. We are going to slide down the hill in this sleigh on the snow, and we'll have a jolly time. Come."

So in a few minutes Arthur was ready, and in half-an-hour the lads had reached the top of the hill on Hampstead Heath.

There were a few people there, and when they saw the lads hauling their flat sleigh along the hill they stopped to look. As they stopped, another lad came along with a toboggan, and the fun promised to be fast and furious.

"Now get in," said Tom; "and quick."

"Yes, it's all very well to say 'get in,' but how? Are we to sit like tailors, or curl up like snakes, or stand on our hind legs——?"

"Like a donkey, as you are," retorted Tom, in a bad temper. "Sit down, of course!"

"But where?" asked Evan. "Inside or outside?"

"Inside, stupid," said Tom, very angrily.

"That sounds nice," replied Evan; "but if we all sit inside half our bodies will be outside, and our legs nowhere. If we sit on the edge we shall fall; if we hang on we——"

"Look here, Taffy," said Tom, warmingly, "if you have come here to make a joke of my toboggan, be warned in time. I won't have it. Get in, or get out altogether."

"If we get out altogether," replied Taffy, "there will be no one in it, so——"

Tom aimed a blow at Evan, who seemed quite surprised that Tom was angry. Then Arthur said—

"Let us creep in. I will sit at the back. You two in front. Who is to steer?"

No one had thought of steering. No one answered.

At length Tom said, laughing—

"Never mind the steering. There's no use in making a fuss about it, is there?"

"'What's a' the steer, kimmer?'" sang Arthur.

"Look here, Arthur; if you're going to make fun of everything I say, you'd better mind. If you don't like my toboggan I will run it alone."

"All right, Tom, run it alone. Let us see you do it."

But Tom didn't like that. He wanted company. So after a while he cooled down, and Evan said, quietly—

"I think if we want to try we had better begin. It won't do to commence after sunset."

"Taffy's right," said Arthur. "Now, do you two sit in front; I will climb in behind, and look out ahead. I will shove off, and then hurrah for the butcher's tray!"

"Look here, Arthur; if you're going to——"

"I'm going to start the machine," replied Arthur, quickly. "Any more going on, there? Now, then, 'whistle up,' driver. Start your engine. Are you all in? Right! Off!"

"Off" the toboggan went. At first she proceeded very gently on the slope of the hill. The people at the top cried "Hooray!" The lad who possessed the other toboggan was envious. He now wished he had started first. He didn't afterwards!

"Hooray!" exclaimed the lads, waving their arms. "This is fun! Aren't we going a pace, eh, Taffy?"

"Rather too fast for me," replied Evan in gasps. "I—can't—stand—the—pace—I can't breathe——"

"Shut your mouth, then," cried Tom, who held his hand over his own. "Now she goes!"

Then she did go! Never before, I venture to say, did any toboggan rush down the hill at such a pace. The snow flashed past; a singing noise arose in the boys' ears, a trembling in their hands.

They held tight. On, on; it seemed miles to the bottom! People shouted, dogs barked, and away flew the toboggan like a wild thing.

"Hold hard!" shouted Arthur. "Here's a stump or a root, stop her! try to pull up! Stop! stop!"

There was no time. The toboggan came right on to the root. A crash—a quiver. The lads' feet were impelled into the air. Arthur turned over and rolled, the toboggan on the top of him, right on the backs of Evan and Tom, who were ploughing up the snow with their poor noses, most carefully, and leaving a little red track on the white surface.

Then, after awhile they stopped; and as poor Arthur stopped, the beautiful toboggan kindly fell on his back, and shelled him in like a new species of turtle, the toboggan tortoise, perhaps.

Some people ran down and picked the lads up one by one. They looked dazed and stupid. Two noses were bleeding; all faces were scratched, and limbs were bruised.

"You should learn to steer a toboggan," said a man standing by. "And never run over roots. Are you much hurt?"

"Not much," Evan said. "But we had better go home, I think."

"So do I," said Arthur. "We are in a bad plight. It's all that wretched, old, breakdown, butcher's tray's fault. I declare, I'll never——"

"Look here, Author," said Tom, "if you are going to make fun of my toboggan, just let me know, and——"

"Rubbish," said Arthur. "I will let you know."

And he did, for he sent him a copy of this very story, which he told me, and Tom writes to me, "Look here, Mr. Author, if you make fun of my toboggan—" and so on, he will do "something dreadful" to me! But I've risked it.

DOCTOR AND KING.—The following extract is from the correspondence of the Scottish Geographical Magazine: "It is no joke to be doctor to the King of Uganda, for whenever I took him a new supply of medicine I had always to take a dose myself, and to administer one to seven of the persons who might happen to be present. Should one of the seven unfortunates die within a week, it would be considered that I had attempted to poison the king. If the king had to take a pill, I had always to hold two in my hand; he chose one, and I had to swallow the other, unless I had a friend with me who kindly undertook the office. I soon noticed, however, that Mtesa chose the smaller, so I arranged accordingly. One day Mtesa played me a nice trick. I had been to the palace to take him a lotion, and had warned him particularly not to drink it. After I had left he sent a page after me with a gourd of unwenge, asking me taste it, and say if he might have some. I did so, and said, "Yes." It being a very hot afternoon, my friend drank the remainder; but it soon became evident that the king had doctored the wine, for my friend became violently sick. It turned out afterward that Mtesa wished to see what effect the lotion would have upon me."

MISSIONARY.—"Yes, my dear sir, the human frame is a wonderful piece of mechanism. Just see the power in the limbs, and then the capabilities of the brain. The brain, after all, is the best part of the man." Reformed cannibal.—"I never used to think much of it."

THE hardest thing to empty out of the heart is conceit. As men abound in conceit they depreciate in excellence.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NIGHT.

BY ALICE E. ARGENTE.

Falling o'er the summer heavens with a radiance of light,
Clad in spangled stars of glory, wanders down the beauteous night,
Dropping out of azure cloudlet, sudden from the boundless height.

Toucheth she with spirit fingers human hearts and human eyes,
Closeth she with tender pressure all the mystery that lies
Under closed lids of marble, fairer than the deecy skies.

All the tears and sighs and weeping that have fallen in the day,
She has hushed with silvern whisper charming sadness far away,
Into realms that no man enters, into shadows dark and gray!

Foaming o'er the crested waters with a spray-encircled breast,
With a magic glance she touches Ocean's wild and wide unrest,
In his deep embrace she plunges close with snowy pinions prest.

Deep within the forest mazes, where the pulses sweet and green
Of the lordly elms are beating, interlaced with boughs between,
Comes she with her pensive beauty, and her pure majestic mien.

O'er the graveyards where the bodies of the dear departed lie,
Drops she pearly tears that crystal into dewdrops 'neath the sky;
Sings with pathos at each headstone, rings an angel's lullaby!

To this heart, O spirit gentle, through its inmost being creep
Bring to it the magic chalice, holding draughts of balmy sleep,
Sprinkle it with Lethe's waters never more to wake or weep!

SOME QUEER TAXES.

Many strange methods of taxation have been adopted in this country. A review of some of these is interesting. The first tax even imposed was the one levied by Julius Cæsar.

When this brave warrior had subdued the warlike races of Southern Britain, he ordered the chiefs of the various clans to send annually to Rome a given number of men and wild animals—the former, he said, would be retained as hostages; and the latter would be used for the great fights in the Colosseum.

But very often the men and the wild animals were put on an equal feeting, and forced to fight with each other in sight of the bloodthirsty and applauding Romans.

As history advances by time, so the kinds of taxes also change. When the English, in the reign of Edgar the Peaceable, conquered Wales, they levied a tax on the Welsh. It was a very unique one. Instead of a money tribute, the conquered people had annually to hand over to the English king three hundred wolves' heads; a plan which in four years cleared their forests of these wild animals, and thus more safety was secured both for men and domestic animals.

About this time, also, Britain was sorely beset with foreign foes, who for the most part came from Norway. To protect their shores, the British required a fleet, and to provide for this fleet, a tax was imposed on all the counties bordering on the sea.

At times however, the enemy were so numerous that the islanders resorted to the cowardly method of buying off the invaders. The whole country had a share in raising this money. The amount levied was twenty-five cents upon each "hide" of land from all classes except the clergy; but this foolish policy had no other effect than to bring the pirates in larger swarms on the English shores.

All the taxes hitherto mentioned were not strictly imposed on England as a whole, but rather on certain special districts; this tax, however, applied to the whole of England—all had to pay it—so that historians are justified in calling it the first direct and annual tax imposed on the English nation."

About the fourteenth century, another tax was imposed; this was the poll-tax. It consisted in the payment of about the equivalent of fifty-five cents annually by every one above the age of fifteen. No distinction was made; rich and poor were amenable to the same amount. Great discontentment followed its imposition, and the discontentment spread into open rebellion.

Nothing in these bygone days seemed to escape taxation; thus we find at one time wool was heavily taxed. The cause of all these demands for money arose from the ambitious desires of the English kings. They longed to rule not only England, but France and other continental nations as well. Taxation in kind was also common.

An English king or general passing through any part of England with his army could provide for his soldiers and horses simply by demanding supplies from the people who happened to be in the line of his march; and for these provisions, no money was given in return. Labor was also taxed in kind; laborers and tradesmen had often to give their services gratis to the king, and sometimes even to the nobles. It was in this way that many of the great palaces in the country were built. Windsor Castle may be cited as an example.

But of all the taxes ever imposed on a people, the "birth tax" was the most odious. It lasted thirteen years, dating from 1695. Every person not in receipt of alms was required to pay about one dollar for ever "little stranger" that came into existence. The tax was a great burden to the lower order; but the nobility and gentry were subjected to still heavier payments than their poorer neighbors. One hundred and fifty dollars had to be paid on the birth of the child of a duke. This sum gradually diminished according to a certain fixed scale.

Reasonable excuse can be given in most cases why it is that certain things are taxed; but where the imposers of the "birth tax" can find an excuse seems to our modern minds impossible.

Contemporaneously with this "birth tax" there existed another, called "the bachelor's tax." It was not a very heavy imposition. As soon as a man reached the age of 25 he was liable to the tax, which was half a dollar yearly till he took to himself a spouse.

But it did not stop with bachelors; and here we think it was unjust, for it taxed widowers without children. Besides this, every person had to pay an amount according to his rank for the luxury (or otherwise) of single-blessedness.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the English parliament passed an Act of Uniformity, ordering all those who should refuse to be Episcopalians, or should absent themselves from church on Sundays, to pay a tax of fifty cents per year. In those days religious toleration was at a very low ebb.

There is nothing our people pride themselves so much in as their desire for sanitary arrangements best suited for the health of the general community. Air, light and cleanliness is the triad of the reformers. "Introduce these," say they, "and many difficulties regarding health will be simplified." But what would such ardent reformers say if a proposition were to arise advising the taxation of window glass? The idea would be spurned; yet there was a time when glass was taxed, so that light, free to all, did not penetrate the homes of our English ancestors without being paid for. The tax was a graded one, according to the number of windows.

Grains of Gold.

When sorrow is asleep, wake it not.

Do what you ought, and come what will.

Arrogance is the obstruction of wisdom.

No thralls like them that inward bondage have.

To be pure in deed you must be pure in thought.

Good deeds ring clear through heaven like a bell.

True friends appear less moved than counterfeit.

I had rather see my own faults than other people's.

It is a great point of wisdom to find out one's own folly.

Sweet words of sympathy are as oil to the wounded heart.

There is no condition of life that excludes a wise man from discharging his duty. If his fortune be good, he tempers it; if bad, he masters it.

The large proportion of sins committed against the laws of right are done without reflection, and many of them are bitterly repented of when too late.

Inexhaustible good nature is the most precious gift of heaven, spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought, and keeping the mind smooth and equable in the roughest weather.

Age is not to be feared; the older a good and healthy person grows, the greater becomes his capacity to enjoy the deeper, sweeter and more noble kinds of happiness which the world affords.

Femininities.

Japan ladies gild their teeth.

Miss Alice R. Jordan, LL. D., of Yale, is only 23.

If woman lost us Eden, such as she alone restore it.

To a gentleman every woman is a lady in right of her sex.

Girls should always walk on the sonny side of the way.

There is a machine out for making finger-nails almond shaped.

If you speak what you will, you shall hear what you dislike.

A knife, piercing and protruding from a melon, is a novelty in pins.

A statistician claims that there is one divorce for every four and a half marriages.

Life is passed in desiring what one has not, and regretting what one has no longer.

To clean willow furniture use salt and water; apply with a coarse brush and dry thoroughly.

A few drops of turpentine, given every eight hours in milk or coffee, is pronounced a cure for diphtheria.

A Newark, N. J., woman has been pestering the police authorities for an appointment on the detective force.

"Say, do you think it's true that red-headed girls are quick-tempered?" "Um—ah! Suppose you ask one of them about it?"

Every sin that man commits is a direct stab at his conscience, and he stabs and stabs until conscience breathes its last and is dead forever.

He: "Would you like to go to the opera to-night?" She: "Indeed I would, but I haven't any clothes." He: "Oh, that won't matter nowadays."

Belmont, Ga., boasts of a woman who "goes out and chops wood with her husband." It is customary to use an axe, but he may be an unusually sharp man.

Young women who heard of his loss of $60, raised double the amount for a Springfield, Mass., letter carrier, gave him half and the other half to his wife.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt has a pearl necklace which consists of 346 Oriental pearls set in a golden chain that once belonged to the Empress Eugenie. It cost $130,000.

A female lecturer talked over an hour one day recently on the virtue of reticence. She had much to say of the dignity of silence. Her remarks were entirely convincing.

"So you are 13 years old, are you, Jennie?" "Yes; and now I realize that it is an unlucky number. It's too old for dolls, and pa says it's not old enough for gentlemen's society."

As viewed by the fair. "Mr. Money bag has buried his third wife. Can you fancy a woman marrying such a monster?" "Well, he is ugly, but then he does give such magnificent funerals!"

A Dakota woman who wanted a fine fur cloak went to trapping minks, and had great success. She tanned the hides herself, sent them to St. Paul and had the cloak made, for which she has been offered $125.

The task of eating ninety pies in as many days has been undertaken by a Racine, Wisconsin, man. At last accounts he had disposed of his twenty-sixth pie and wasn't feeling just as well as when he commenced.

At Sidney, an island in the South Pacific, girls are kept shut up until they are married. If an island can be discovered where girls are made to shut up after marriage, it would probably be colonized in a twinkling.

Real Estate Agent: "Yes; here is one list of about 150." Lady: "Do you think that you can give me one that will suit me?" Agent: "Madam, I don't believe I can. But possibly I can give you one that will suit your husband."

Mrs. A.: "I see you have got a new servant girl?" Mrs. B.: "Yes, I make it a point to get a new one every month." "But that must be very inconvenient?" "Yes; but there is nothing going on in this town that I don't know all about."

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said a young man to a society belle the other night, "but I don't admire your last name." "Good gracious, man," she answered, "haven't I done everything in my power to change it? Must I knock a man down with a club?

A correspondent asks: "What shall be done with women who can do nothing?" They seem to get along, marry rich husbands, and have a good time. The difficulty is to find places for the poor women who can work, and must work, for a living.

Jones: "Smith, you are the laziest man I ever saw." Smith: "Correct." Jones: "They say you sleep fifteen out of every twenty-four hours." Smith: "Correct." Jones: "What do you do it for?" Smith: "In order to economize. You see, it cost you nothing to sleep, but the moment you wake up expenses begin."

The wife who gets into the way of contradicting and "checking" her husband, of opposing him in small things and standing out in large—the husband who is sneering, contemptuous, tyrannical, fault-finding—perhaps neither side knowing the whole extent of its folly, but just giving way to it as more easy than to fight and conquer it—these young people are doing their best to dig the grave of their married peace.

Mons. X. called the other day at a house where the love of dogs is pushed almost to a mania. He was immediately surrounded by half a dozen of these animals, whose caresses, too demonstrative altogether, he repelled vigorously. "Ah, monsieur," said the lady of the mansion, in a tone of displeasure, "one can see very well that you don't love dogs." "Not love dogs, indeed!" he returned, indignantly. "Why, I ate more than twenty during the siege of Paris."

Masculinities.

Nature meant to make woman its masterpiece.

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark.

An unsteady man, like an unsteady light, is apt to go out nights.

Advice to a gray-haired man—never say dye; you look better as you are.

Success shows off our good qualities; lack of success shows off our defects.

An article pawned is said to be "with my uncle." The French say "with my aunt."

Sooner or later the world is sure to hear a man who is in the right and is determined.

A German statistician says the average age of European girls when they marry is 26 years, and that of men about 28.

The man who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth is now looking about for something to eat with the spoon

A man ought to be careful about going out to drink between acts. It may result in his acting bad between the drinks.

"Can February March?" asked the punster, with a sickly smile. "Perhaps not," replied the quiet man: "but April May."

Among the Freshmen in the Georgia University, near Athens, are two married men whose families live in that city with them.

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.

We don't have to depend entirely upon the coal monopolies for heat. An empty coal scuttle will frequently make things very warm around the house.

Trust him little who praises all; him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent to all. In fact, don't trust anybody if you can get ready money.

A doctor at Schnectady, N. Y., had a female patient with a nervous trouble. He ordered her to sit in a boiler shop for two hours a day, and the racket cured her.

William Emerson, an aged inmate of the McDonough county, Ills., almshouse, died from excitement on learning that he had been allowed a pension by the government.

"Don't be a fool!" she said, with a snap, to her husband. "Why didn't you tell me that when I asked you to marry me?" he replied and silence fell upon that house.

"What's the different between a piano and a gun, Charley?" asked a young wife of her non-musical husband. "A gun kills the quickest, that's all," was the staccato response.

A convict employed in the kitchen of the Montana penitentiary put concentrated lye into coffee that was served to the prisoners, and they thought it was an improvement.

"One thing," writes Carlyle in one of his letters "let us never cease to believe, whatever be our destiny—an upright mind is the greatest blessing we can obtain or imagine."

"What's a life insurance?" asked one boy of another. "Well, I s'pose," said his companion, "it's a concern that keeps a man poor all the time he's alive so that he may die rich."

A reformer, who wants 50 men to agree to help him introduce the fashion of knee breeches, in Chicago, is said to have more than half that number on his list pledged to adopt the change.

New acquaintance: "Let me see—what did I understand your business is?" Poet: "Profession, sir; I am a poet." New acquaintance: "Ah, yes, a poet; but what do you do for a living?"

A young man was severely criticising the performance at a concert. "Are you a musician?" inquired an individual in the next seat. "Not exactly," was the reply, "but my sister makes piano covers."

Somebody who has time to figure out such things, has estimated that every man who lives to be 60 years old has spent seven months in buttoning his shirt collar. Thirty more should have been added for hunting up the collar stud.

"My dear," he whispered softly, as they seated themselves on the toboggan, "if, on the way down, I should ask you to be my wife, what would you say?" "What would you do if I should refuse?" she whispered back. "I should have to let you slide," he simply said.

Miss Clara: "Do you not think, Mr. Featherly, that Miss Smith, whom we met last evening, is a very plain person?" Mr. Featherly: "Yes, indeed, I think she is the homeliest girl I ever saw, present company, of course, always—ex—er—um—that is—yes, she is certainly a very plain person."

Western newspapers are printing pictures of two hands, each holding five cards. The left hand has a jack, ace and nine of clubs, and the ace and ten of spades; the right the jack of spades, the king, queen and ten of clubs, and the ace of diamonds. These represent two euchre hands, clubs being trumps. The problem is, "Which hand wins?"

Of a noted surgeon a Boston paper relates this: One day, during an examination of a class of students, he asked one of them what he would do in the case of a man being blown up by gunpowder. "I would wait till he came down again," was the cool reply. "True," rejoined the surgeon; "and suppose I should kick you for your impertinent reply, what muscles should I put in motion?" "The flexors and extensors of my right arm," said the student.

The way of the world. Anxious daughter: "Mother, did papa have his salary increased when he was married?" Mother: "No, my child." "I don't suppose he had any money saved up, did he?" "Not a penny; he spent all he earned." "Did you get along comfortably?" "We were very happy." "Well, you know George hasn't been able to save a cent, but—" "See here, if that poverty-stricken fellow dares to show his face here again I'll get your father to kick him out."

Recent Book Issues.

"Twelve Years of My Life," by Mrs. B. Beaumont, just published by T. P. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, is a book that everybody will read and enjoy, as it covers a highly important period in this country's history. The chief charm of the delightful volume is nevertheless not found in the matters of national moment to which it refers in passing, but in Mrs. Beaumont's domestic life and business experience, which are described in a most original, chatty and agreeable way. The pictures given of the Southern people are wonderfully truthful and characteristic, but entirely unprejudiced, while the descriptions of local manners and customs are breezy, good-natured, and exact. Price, $1.50; bound in green and gold.

A volume which every true lover of literature should have, both on account of its place in the literary world and for its own merits, is "The Poems of Sir John Suckling." This writer is a conspicuous link between the days of Shakspeare and the present. His poems have been favorites in every age with all who could get them, but it has remained for our era to see them published in a form worthy their merit and at the same time accessible to all. His productions are not so many, but they have all the qualities of perfect verse, full of originality, quaint ideas, poetic thoughts and the jingle of melodious rhythm. Much that comes to us from this day is long, dull and heavy, but in themselves, and in the careful editing they have undergone, these are just the opposite. As the book is rather designed for those who can appreciate the finer beauties of poetry, the publishers have gotten it up in the finest style of art, as respects printing paper, ornamentation, etc. White, Stokes & Allen, New York. For sale by Lippincott.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Sanatarian is one of the finest health publications in existence. Its subjects always are of the most advanced character, progressive and practical at the same time. To all interested in matters sanitary, whether as regards their merely local, or State and national points of view, will find this magazine a most valuable means of information. The February number is particularly rich in timely topics. Published at 113 Fulton street, New York.

The March number of *Cassell's Family Magazine* is varied, interesting and instructive in its contents. It opens with the serial "Vere Thornleigh's Inheritance." A sensible paper is called "An Emigration Made Easy," and there is an interesting article on "Street Entertainments." The "Family Doctor" this month discusses the question of "The Worth of Fish as a Food." Then comes the papers on "Phases of a Woman's Life," the subject for this month is "Wifehood and Motherhood;" and "Employments for Gentlewomen." There is an interesting article on "Famous Flags of Field and Fleet," which is to be continued. "Musical History as a Popular Study," is a quaintly illustrated paper followed by one on "Seasonable Snacks." Then "The Fashion Letters, From Paris and London," are seasonable. Short stories, serials, poems and plenty of pictures make up the number. Cassell & Company, publishers, New York.

The March *Magazine of American History* is a spirited spring number. "Fredericksburg First and Last," by Moncure D. Conway, is an exceptionally charming historical sketch of the beginnings of one of the most interesting old towns in Virginia. It is followed by a second paper on "John Van Buren: A Study in By-gone Politics," admirably written. The third contribution is a short and thrilling article on "The Wreck of the Saginaw." Then comes an elegantly illustrated paper entitled "Historic Homes on Golden Hills," furnishing a glimpse of Plainfield, Mass. An excellent account of "The First Mayor of New York City, Thomas Willett," is from the ready pen of Dr. Charles W. Parsons, Vice-President of the Rhode Island Historical Society. "An Interesting Inquiry," "The Birthplace of Chancellor James Kent," with illustrative maps, "Incidents in Sir Walter Raleigh's Life," and "The First Religious Newspaper in America," with fac-simile of opening page, conclude the principal features of this rich, strong animated number. The standing departments are crowded with choice bits of entertainment. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York city.

We have in this country a few bold advocates of cremation as the best method of disposing of the dead. Perhaps it may strengthen their hands to learn that Portugal has adopted a law which directs that for the future every human corpse shall be burned. As a concession to the popular prejudice it is provided that, should the survivors wish it, the dead may be temporarily committed to the earth; but, at the expiration of five years, all bodies that have been so buried must be exhumed and reduced to ashes. In no other civilized state has cremation yet been made compulsory.

Important to All

who are willing to work for the reward of success. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will mail you, free, full particulars about work that either sex, young or old, can do, at a profit of from $5 to $25 per day and upwards, and live at home, wherever they are located. All can do the work. Capital not required; Hallett & Co., will start you. Grand success absolutely sure. Write at once and see.

A JAUNT IN "JAPP-LAND."

NOW if you want to go a journey in Japan, you call for a jinricksha, a two-wheeled carriage something between a bath chair and a hansom cab in appearance, perhaps more like the latter, if you can imagine one about a third the size of those you are accustomed to ride in. One of the natives is your horse, and trots away at a good round pace of six or eight miles an hour, without seeming to feel the heat more than you do.

I think our first peep had better be at the children.

As soon as the little Japanese boys and girls are able to talk, they begin in earnest to learn manners, so that before they are twelve years old they are quite polite, and know what they ought to do in any society. They are just like men and women at this age, and indeed at sixteen years old a Japanese girl is looked upon as grown up!

Whilst traveling in Japan Miss Bird was introduced to a boy whose learning was simply wonderful. This little Jap was four years old. He had taught himself to read and write, and had even composed poetry. He was as grave, thoughtful, and dignified as a full grown man.

As to amusing himself with toys, or playing games of any kind, that was quite beneath him. His writing was the marvel of the town, and people came from far and near to get him to write signboards and other things for them, and in one day alone he earned about $10 at this occupation.

The girls and boys delight in acting, and can amuse themselves at performances for a long time. But they are not so fond of athletic games as the children of our own country are.

The Japanese are on the whole, I think, rather a serious people, especially the married women with their blackened teeth, and it isn't all the mothers who can be as joyful as the one I saw not long ago in this city, talking and laughing with her little one and encouraging it to crow and chatter.

Very often as the mother stands with her baby in one of its best robes her face is full of serious thought and care. Not so the younger Japps, however. You wonder, perhaps, I daresay, to see naked girls of eight or ten years old nursing tiny infants with wondrous care, but I really think that if you saw the little Japanese girls with their younger brothers and sisters, you would say they surpassed their American brethren.

For you would see them skipping about with babies on their backs very nearly as large as themselves, or perhaps nursing a baby doll in their arms with a real baby on their backs.

And then, too, there is another way in which the Japanese children resemble their American brethren—they are so fond of "sweeties." A kind of Turkish delight is one of their favorite purchases, and cakes made of bean flour are much bought by the little ones.

But what would surprise you more than anything else would be to see the early age at which the Japanese child begins to smoke. Men and women, boys and girls indulge in smoking little pipes, which contain about a quarter as much as an ordinary American pipe. A dozen whiffs is all perhaps that they take at a time, but then these are often repeated.

Now of course where tea is so largely grown you would expect to find much tea drinking, and so it is in Japan.

The little tea pots heated over the brazier filled with coals are constantly in use, and as the Japps sit cross-legged or leaning on one arm taking their tea, they seem to thoroughly enjoy their native drink. The cups and saucers are generally very small, not much larger than those to be found in our little people's dolls' houses.

Even the poorer classes in Japan like good tea, and those who are rich purchase the finest quality, and pay as much as thirteen shillings a pound. In making tea the water must on no account boil, and after standing about a minute in the tea-pot it is poured out and drunk. There is no such thing seen there as the dark colored tea to which we are accustomed here, their beverage being of a pale straw color. They are astonished that we are so barbarous as to spoil the tea by mixing milk with it.

The tea-plant lives to a great age and bears two crops regularly every year for three hundred years or more.

The task of preparing the tea-leaves is a very trying one. The houses in which the leaves are dried are so hot, the hours of work so long (being twelve to fifteen hours a day), and the air of these close rooms so bad that I am sure you would pity the poor creatures if you saw them standing hour after hour at their weary task.

Two of the most remarkable features of Japanese dress are the umbrellas and the high wooden clogs which are everywhere to be seen.

We are so accustomed to the Japanese umbrellas as articles of ornament, that it would not surprise you to meet a Japanese lady proudly sailing along adorned in fine silks, and guarded from the scorching heat of the sun by her gaudy umbrella, followed humbly by her attendant; but why they should both wear those high and uncomfortable-looking clogs you might wonder. However, these same clogs are often marvellously useful, for the roads get into a shocking condition after rain, and then, when the American is marching ankle deep in mud, the Japp is stepping along tree from mire, and raised well above the puddles.

The Japps are fond of dancing and gaiety when it comes within their reach, and they take also much pride in having their hair properly dressed.

The "three graces" in some pictures do not appear to be very lively damsels, judging from their appearance; but if you saw them when dancing began, I think you would declare that they were three of the prettiest, most cheerful faces to be met with in Japan. True, their dancing is not like ours, but consists of a gentle and graceful swaying of the body about into different attitudes, but it is exceedingly pretty and entertaining, and suits them better than our quadrilles and waltzes.

But of all strange performances to be heard or seen in the land of the Mikado, their musical attempts are the strangest to our ears. I suppose the Japps, when they hear one of our military bands, must regard it as a kind of Bedlam; for the sounds produced by their violins are so very small.

But if we are amused at the "music of the future" (as the music of Japan is sometimes called,) what do the Japps say to ours? Their opinion is that "children, coolies and women may find a pleasure in western music, but an educated Japanese can never tolerate it!"

The loose dress which the Japanese wear is very useful for carrying articles. In the broad folds of their girdles the women carry handkerchiefs, charms, fan, pipe, purse, pen and ink, paper, etc., while in the sleeve are carried a variety of useful and ornamental articles.

BIG THINGS.—The largest theatre in the world is the new opera house in Paris. It covers nearly three acres of ground; its cubic mass is 4,287,000 feet; it cost about $20,000,000. The largest suspension bridge is the one between New York city and Brooklyn; the length of the main span is 1,595 feet 6 inches; the entire length of the bridge is 5,980 feet. The lowest active volcano is Popocatapetl—smoking mountain—thirty-five miles west of Puebla, Mexico: it is 17,748 feet above the sea level, and has a crater three miles in circumference and 1,000 feet deep. The longest span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph in India over the River Kistnah. It is more than 6,000 feet in length, and 1,200 feet high. The largest ship in the world is the Great Eastern; she is 680 feet long, 83 feet broad, and 60 feet deep, being 28,627 tons burden, 18,915 gross, and 13,344 net register.

The biggest cavern is the Mammoth Cave in Edmondson county, Kentucky. It is near Green River, about six miles from Cave City, and twenty-eight from Bowling Green. The cave consists of a succession of irregular chambers, some of which are large, situated on different levels. Some of these are traversed by navigable branches of the subterranean Echo River. Blind fish are found in its waters.

The longest tunnel in the world is that of the St. Gothard, on the line of railroad between Lucerne and Milan. The summit of the tunnel is 900 feet below the surface at Andermatt, and 6,000 feet beneath the peak of Kastelhorn of the St. Gothard group. The tunnel is 26½ feet wide, and is 18 feet 10 inches from the floor to the crown of the arched roof. It is 9½ miles long—1½ mile longer than the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

The biggest trees in the world are the mammoth trees of California. One in a grove in Tulare county, according to measurements made by members of the State Geological Survey, was shown to be 275 feet in height, 108 in circumference at base, and 76 feet at a point 12 feet above ground. Some of the trees are 376 feet high and 34 feet in diameter. Some of the largest that have been felled indicate an age from 2,000 to 2,500 years.

The largest library is the Bibliotheque National in Paris, founded by Louis XIV. It contains 1,400,000 volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 175,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts, and 150,000 coins etc. The collection of engravings exceeds 1,300,000, contained in some 10,000 volumes. The portraits number about 100,000.

The greatest pyramid is that of Cheops, one of the three pyramids forming the Memphis Group, situated on a plateau about 137 feet above the level of the highest rise in the Nile. Its dimensions have been reduced by the removal of the outer portions to furnish stone for the city of Cairo. Its masonry consisted originally of 89,028,000 cubic feet, and still amounts to 82,111,000 feet. The inclined vertical height is 450 feet, against 479 feet originally. The total weight of the stone is estimated at 9,316,000 tons.

WIFE—What did you think of that hat Miss Fussanfeather wore to church this morning? Husband—I didn't notice Miss Fussanfeather's hat. "It's very funny you didn't see it. She sat directly in front of you." "Well, suppose she did. Do you suppose I go to church to look at women's hats?" "Well, my dear, it's the same hat Miss Fussanfeather wore to the theatre last night, and which you claimed obstructed your view of the stage." Husband concludes that he was caught napping.

RIDICULOUS.—As a train was approaching Baltimore it parted in the middle, and the communication cord snapped off like thread, the end of it striking an old lady on the bonnet. "What is the matter?" she exclaimed. "Oh! the train has broken in two," replied a gentleman who sat in the next seat. "I should say so," the old lady said, looking at the broken cord. "Did they suppose that a trifling little string like that would hold the train together?"

Usually such things as are advertised possess no value. But who would say that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup possesses no merit? It is the standard remedy of our age. Price, 25 cents a bottle.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease. It instantly relieves and soon cures

Rheumatism,	**Neuralgia,**
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Cold in the Head,	**Sore Throat,**
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Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the first and is the only

PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs by one application.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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Price, 50 cts. per Bottle. Sold by druggists.

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—THE—

GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

For the Cure of all Chronic Diseases.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofulous Complaints, &c., Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Disease, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaint.

The wonderful cures effected by the Sarsaparillian Resolvent of Kidney, Bladder, Ovarian and Urinary Diseases, its marvelous power in dissolving stone and calculous concretions, curing gravel, gleet and discharges from the genital glands; its powers over the kidneys in establishing a healthy secretion of urine, curing Diabetes, Inflammation or Irritation of the Bladder, Albuminous or Brick Dust Deposits, White Sand, etc., establishes its character as A GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY.

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The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

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SICK HEADACHE,

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness will be avoided and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disease of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering of the Heart, Choking or Suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

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TO THE PUBLIC.—Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

ON THE FENCE.

The cat stood on the freezing fence,
Where he for fun had fled;
At midnight prompt did he commence
To paint the back yard red.

There demon-like and black he screamed,
As bound to fool the storm
Of missiles, which from windows streamed
Straight at his fur-off form.

Bootjacks rolled on. He would not go
Without Maria's word;
Maria in the kitchen low
His yowls no longer heard.

"Maria!" Mr. Thomas cried,
"Maria, must you stay?"
And but the booming bricks replied
That fast were thrown away.

Then came a gunshot's thunder sound;
The cat—O, where was he?
Ask of his fragments strewed around
In that catastrophe.

With bootjacks, bricks and many a swear
The sleepers did their part,
But the no-blest thing which perished there
Was that old cat so smart.

Net receipts—Fish.

An old score—Four-score.

Branch establishment—A tree.

Quick at figures—The dancing master.

Maids in waiting—Those beyond twenty-five.

How to keep your rooms warm—Keep your grates coal'd.

Eyes are not eyes when cigar-smoke makes them water.

An envelope is like a woman; it can't go anywhere without address.

Transfers of real estate—Two boys throwing mud at each other.

Why is a soft felt hat called a wide-awake?—Because it never has a nap.

The boys are all opposed to home rule after they reach the age of latch-keys.

When does a farmer act with great rudeness toward his corn?—When he pulls its ear-.

A piece of steel is a good deal like a man—When you get it red hot it loses its temper.

Your uncle has a brother who is not your uncle. What relation is he to you?"—Your father.

Out in Manitoba they put the thermometer in the oven to keep it from going down out of sight.

Formerly the foolish virgins had no oil; now the foolish virgins are too free with the kerosene.

Men who pass the bottle frequently get so at last that they can't pass anything with liquor in it.

A man got hemmed in by a crowd the other day and has ever since complained of a stitch in his side.

A girl sang, "Darling, I am Growing Old," with an expression so pertinent and truthful that her procrastinating lover left her for good.

"Dese heah kears am mighty dangerous," said the porter, "and hits mostly de las' kear what's smashed up." "Well," replied the timid woman, "why don't they leave off the last car then?"

The most powerful king on earth is working; the laziest, shir-king; a very doubtful king, smo-king; the most commonplace king, jo-king; the leanest one, thin-king; the slyest one, win-king; the most garrulous one, tal-king.

"I don't see how there ever came to be so many words in the world!" exclaimed a girl who was studying her spelling lesson. "Why, sis," said her brother, "they come through folks quarreling; then, you know, one word always brings on another."

Brown: "I thought you hated Jones?" Smith: "So I do. Why do you ask?" Brown: "I heard that you gave him a piano the other day. That don't look as if you hated him much." Smith: "That shows what you know about it. His wife thinks she can sing."

Paddy is often poetically polite. On picking up and returning a lady's parasol, which had been blown out of her hand, a gallant Irishman said: "Faith, miss, an' if ye was as sthrong as yer handsome, be Jabers, a hurricane couldn't have snatched it from ye."

He was a sad eyed man. He must have been henpecked. She said: "Now, make haste; I don't believe you would hurry to do anything for me if I were dying." He said: "Wouldn't I? If I only thought you would—" But his eye caught the woman's and he never concluded that speech.

"I want to see one of the editors," said a lady, coming into the office. "Which one?" inquired the horse reporter. "The one that wears glasses." "On his nose or under his nose." "Both, I think," she replied, hesitatingly, and was at once directed by the startled horse reporter to the religious editor's room.

The Chief of the Bureau of Engraving at Washington is something of a joker. When asked what would probably be the design of the tax stamp for oleomargarine he replied that a "stuffed goat" would be most appropriate, because it would best represent a "bogus butter."

"Something is going to happen—I heard a pistol go off last night, right at the foot of my bed," said an old granddame, and she was absolutely pale with fear. An hour after in came a 3-year older, with eyes as big as saucers—figuratively. "I say, grandma, it's happened! it's happened! There's a whole basket full of little kittens upstairs."

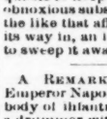
ANALYSIS OF A TEAR.—The principal element in the composition of a tear is, as may readily be supposed, water. The other elements are salt, soda, phosphate of lime, phosphate of soda, and mucus, each in small proportions.

A dried tear, seen through a microscope of good average power, presents a peculiar appearance. The water, after evaporation, leaves behind it the saline ingredients, which amalgamate and form themselves into lengthened crossed lines, and look like a number of minute fish-b-nes. The tears are secreted in what are called the "lacrymal glands," situated above the eyeball and underneath the lid. The contents of these glands are carried along and under the inner surface of the eyelids by means of six or seven very fine channels, and are discharged a little above the cartilage supporting the lid.

The discharge of tears from the lachrymal glands is not occasional and accidental, as is commonly supposed, but continuous. It goes on by both day and night—though less abundantly at night—through the conduits, and spreads equally over the surface of the pupil, in virtue of the incessant movement of the lids. After serving its purpose, the flow is carried away by two little drains, situated in that corner of each eye nearest the nose—into which they run—and called the "lachrymal ducts."

The usefulness of this quiet flow of tears, to both men and beasts, is manifest. There is such an immense quantity of fine dust floating in the air, and constantly getting into the eyes, that, but for it, they would soon become choked. Very little is requisite to keep the ball free, and when some obnoxious substance—smoke, an insect, or the like that affects the nerves—does make its way in, an increased flow is poured out to sweep it away.

A REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE.—The Emperor Napoleon III. was reviewing a body of infantry, when he caught sight of a drummer with only one arm, who was nevertheless still playing. "Where is your left arm?" said he, "At Solferino, sire." "You shall have a pension of $80 from my private purse." "And if I should leave the other on the road, sire?" "Thus," replied Napoleon, pointing to his own rosette, that of an officer of the Legion of Honor. "The cross!" exclaimed the soldier; and, carried away by a transport of enthusiasm, the man with the remaining arm drew his sabre, and at one vigorous blow cut it clean off. The question is, how did he do it?



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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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It will *immediately* obliterate all such imperfections and is perfectly harmless. It has been chemically analyzed by the Board of Health of New York City, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin.

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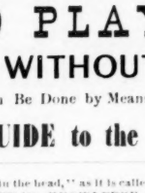

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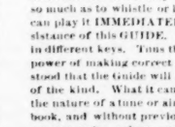

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INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

The present month is not fertile in novelties of a very decided type, nevertheless so many variations on accepted types are constantly appearing that there is never any lack of new models of chapeaux, dresses, and mantles worth recording, either on account of some peculiarity of form, a new combination of colors, or some novel details of cut and finish that give just the dash of originality that is so acceptable, when it happens also to be dictated by good taste.

In capotes extremely small shapes still prevail, and plush and velvet are the materials most employed, the trimmings consisting of birds, wings and fancy feather ornaments, leaves, braids and combs in jet and steel, large metal or wooden-headed pins, embroidered laces and gauzes, and last, but by no means least, either in size or quantity, lofty upright bows arranged in masses on one side or in front of the chapeau, and composed of faille ribbon, or of the handsome ribbon velvet with picot edges.

For a costume to be thoroughly fashionable and in the best taste, the capote must coincide with the dress in color and material.

Thus with a walking costume of mastic woolen material striped and trimmed with bronze plush, the capote has a draped crown of mastic sicilienne cut up in a point at the back.

The narrow brim is covered with a band of a new kind of speckled plush, which is bronze in color and matches the group of feather tips and the aigrette ornamenting the capote ; any other two colors can be combined in the same way.

Another pretty model, intended for wearing at matinees and morning concerts, is a very small capote, cut up in the same way as the last at the back, and running up to a peak at the top. This part is covered with dark-red velvet embroidered with beads in a pattern of feathers.

The very narrow flat brim is bordered with a richly beaded braid ; under the edge of the braid, and covering the remainder of the brim, is a folded band of pink faille ribbon with a picot edge, terminating in the centre of the front in a group of tall and short bows, also covering and filling in the brim in front ; the strings are of ribbon to match.

Black capotes, with colored ornaments, are very general, as they are the only kind that can be worn indiscriminately with all costumes.

They are made of velvet, plush, and of beaded tulle trimmed with velvet, lace and jet.

In spite of its being mid-winter, light gauzes and tulle, and plain and embroidered laces are still much employed in trimming chapeaux worn on occasions when the toilette is at all elaborate.

Hats continue to be made in the two types of low-crowned toques and boleros, and high-crowned amazon and some other shapes.

A new model of this last description is in dark-green with a high-sloping crown, flat at the top. The brim is much deeper on the left side than on the right, but is turned up on each side, lined with green velvet and bound with silk braid. A closely pleated drapery of green faille falls from the top of the crown in front, and behind this on the left side rises a plume of green feathers, with an aigrette standing high above the crown.

Several variations worth recording may be noted in the costumes of plain, dark-colored cloths now universally adopted for morning wear.

Some are ornamented with passementeries or embroidered in shades of the same color as the cloth, or in hues that form a decided but harmonious contrast with it. The jacket matching the costume is ornamented in a similar manner, the passementerie or embroidery being employed for the plastron or waistcoat, the epaulets, parements and the collar, while the skirt is trimmed with plain bands.

Ladies who prefer small mantles, have these also made of the dress material, and trimmed to correspond with it ; even the capote is made of cloth and ornamented with embroidery or passementerie.

Bands of scalloped cloth, with the edge thrown up by a band in another color laid under it, are also fashionable as trimmings for cloth costumes, and many ladies prefer these ornaments to embroidered bands.

A little gold is often used with good effect in these embroideries, which are most fashionable in shades of yellow, cleverly blended together and combined with violet tints and dark-red.

White and cream cloth is very much employed for dressy costumes for young ladies, the ornamental parts of the costume being either embroidered in silver or decorated with Bulgarian embroideries.

A panel, a border, or the corner of a drapery are the parts of a skirt thus ornamented, and the corsage has an embroidered plastron, collar, epaulets, and wristbands to correspond.

Very pretty toilettes are also made of white woolen fabrics embroidered with silk in one color only, such as mauve or heliotrope.

A very elegant model for a young lady's demi-deuil toilette has an under corsage with sleeves in violet velvet ; over this is worn a white tunic, open and draped in front, the draperies being caught up on the shoulders with a silver ornament. Round the waist is a silver cord girdle, the ends of which fall on a wide box-pleated panel of violet velvet ornamenting the white skirt on one side.

The two following costumes are very pretty :

The first has a skirt of slate-blue faille, striped with Suede plush ; the tunic, back drapery, and corsage are of slate-blue vigogne ; the tunic falls straight on the left side, the back drapery joins it, but is flat at the side, and turned up in a large revers of the striped material ; the sleeves are striped and the open bodice is cut in pointed tabs in front joined with Suede bows over a pleated plastron and basque of Suede faille.

The second dress is of antique violet faille ; the pleated skirt is ornamented on the right side with a panel, embroidered with chenille and beads, and edged with beads ; the back drapery on the left side is finished off with a short end of similar embroidery, and the plastrons, front and back, and parements are embroidered and edged with beads in the same way.

Plush is the material par excellence for dinner toilettes. The newest varieties of plush are shaded, shot, speckled, etc. They are, in short, as varied in style as other materials, but superior to all by their fineness, their suppleness, and the beautiful effects of light and shade, which no other material can give to anything like the same extent.

Toilettes chiefly composed of plush, are always made in plain styles, and the straight lines of the dress are corrected by draperies or other ornaments of lace or of faille.

Ball dresses are either made entirely of lace or embroidered tulle, or else they are lavishly trimmed with these fabrics ; reddish tinted lace is used on a heliotrope foundation, and black blonde on Sevres and old pink, on violine, sulphur, pale-gold, asturtium, etc.

All kinds of thread and silk laces are employed, and there is a great demand for the darned thread laces that form so important a part in the coiffures worn by the peasant women in most of the French provinces ; old Normandy laces are in special favor, and have a charming effect as trimmings on satin in light fashionable shades.

Rosettes of satin ribbon are a favorite ornament for the ball toilettes of young women, whether married or single ; these last usually wear dresses of the most vaporous fabrics, embroidered, spotted, and beaded tulles, gauze, crepe, crepon, and crepe lisse, etc.

Tulles, embroidered with colored silks in several shades and with beads, are employed in ornamenting the most sumptuous evening toilettes ; etamine tulles, striped with plush, and embroidered between the plush stripes, are equally beautiful, and combine to perfection with the rich, plain, or fancy plush, or velvet of which the train is composed.

The most fashionable style for the corsage of the ball toilette is that which is cut in a low fichu shape front and back, perfectly plain and bordered with a piping only.

The corsage may be of silk or satin, and ornamented with bretelles of lace or tulle, caught up on the shoulders, with sheaf-shaped pleatings, or finished off with an upper corsage cut like a corselet or short jacket ; this second bodice is always of some light, transparent fabric.

Matinee and morning dresses are very pretty and novel this season ; the ordinary comfortable shapes are retained, but there are so many novelties in the details of these cosy costumes that they are now as elegant as they are convenient.

Odds and Ends.

WHILE WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR.

Keep cool. Exercise self-control and common sense. Do not talk any more than is absolutely necessary. Get rid of superfluous attendants by sending them on errands that will take them out of the house.

Select some competent person to take the children to some distant spot, not forgetting to give brief, clear directions for their care and amusement.

Don't fret because the doctor does not come by telegraph. He is not likely to come until he knows that he is wanted. While the messenger is on the way to summon him, time can be saved by getting together the following articles that may be needed.

In cases of accident, where promptness is of the utmost importance, much suffering may be saved by having these things ready for the doctor :

First, rolls of old linen, muslin, flannel—the older the better, but clean and dry ; a little lint, and some sticking plaster ; a pair of scissors ; some pins, tape, and a few large needles, ready threaded ; plenty of towels, a sponge, some castile soap, and a clean basin. Also camphor, ammonia, lime water, carbonate of soda, and carbolic solution, if such things are to be had in the house.

Go, or send some honest person, to the kitchen to fill the tea-kettle and other kettles with water, and to make the fire burn briskly in case hot water should be needed. The person who does this may bring back a small tray, some clean glasses and teaspoons, some warm water, and a pitcher of drinking water.

In case of clothes getting on fire, throw the person quickly to the ground, and wrap around him a rug, coat, shawl, bit of carpet, or anything that can be snatched up hastily.

Have plenty of water brought as soon as possible, and wet everything thoroughly. Although the flame may be out there is still the hot cinder and half-burnt clothing eating into the flesh.

Carry the patient gently into a warm room, lay him on the table or on a piece of carpet on the floor. Give him some warm, stimulating drink. Then with a good pair of scissors or a sharp knife, cut all the clothes loose.

Do not try to save anything. Let everything be cut so that it will fall off. There must be no dragging or pulling. If any part of the clothes stick to the body, let it remain, and be careful not to burst any blisters.

Burns and scalds in the first stage need wet, warm, but not sour applications, and exclusion of air. As fast as any injured part is exposed when the clothes are cut off, cover it with old linen wet in lime-water and linseed oil mixed, or in equal parts of milk and hot water (pint of each) to which has been added a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda.

If you have no milk, use warm water with plenty of common soap in it, or water with soda in it. Whatever is used, put it on as soon as the part is exposed, and keep the parts thoroughly wet and well covered.

Take a rubber sheet or a waterproof cloak, and spread it over the mattress. Put a blanket over it. When all the dressings are applied, lift the patient gently into bed and cover him as warmly as possible. The doctor must then take charge of the case.

Wounds are dangerous from their position more than from their size. In all cuts notice the kind of bleeding. If the blood is dark colored, and flows regularly, it can be managed, but if it is bright scarlet, and spurts out in jets, pressure is required.

Cover the wound with a pad of rag, tie a handkerchief over it, slip a stick, pencil or large fork under the handkerchief and twist it around ; you can get any amount of pressure.

If entirely alone, in wood, field or railway accident, a handful of dry earth put on the wound, and grasped tightly, will suffice till assistance can be had.

Cuts about the head, face, and nose especially, bleed a good deal, and this frightens the bystanders. Wash first with cold water, then apply a thick covering of whiting, such as is used for cleaning silver. Then cover with a bit of dry lint, and press it closely for a few minutes. Let what sticks to the wound remain there, and cover with a bit of sticking-plaster.

Stabs, or wounds from splinters of wood, or nails, broken glass, from wadding or shot from a gun, should not be closed up, but kept open with poultices or water-dressings, to allow anything in the wound thrown out. Much poking in the wound will do harm. Put the dressing on, and let it alone till the doctor comes.

A broken bone is detected by the person not being able to lift the part affected, by its bending where it ought not, and by the pain. Keep down all excitement, secure rest and ease of position for the patient, and send for a "surgeon." All physicians are not surgeons. Send for one who is, and keep cool and collected until he arrives.

GOLD.—Gold is shipped across the ocean, a current paragraph states, in "specie kegs" made of extra hard wood with an extra iron hoop, each keg containing $5000. In the interest of security, each keg is treated to what is technically known among the shippers as the "red taping" process. At each end of the keg, in the projecting rim of the staves above the head, are bored four holes at equidistant intervals. A piece of red tape is run through these holes, crossing on the head of the keg, and the ends finally meet in the centre. At the point of meeting the tape is sealed to the keg's head by wax bearing the stamp of the shipper. Gold crosses the ocean very much as does every other kind of freight, without any special looking after, though some houses scrupulously limit the amount trusted to any one ship to $250,000.

Confidential Correspondents.

SCRIBO.—You spelt the poor scribe's word wrongly. Krokidolite is an opaque mineral of a rich bluish, or rather lavender hue. It is composed mainly of silica, but the coloring matter is protoxide of iron.

REAUMUR.—The Pinta was one of the three little vessels with which Columbus set sail for America from Palos, Spain, on the 3d of August 1492. The Pinta was commanded by a famous Spanish navigator, Alonzo Pinzon.

ANNIE.—A woman is acting foolish and doing wrong in marrying any man unless she can be quite sure that she loves him better than she does any one else. Your feelings do not seem to be very deep, however, with regard to either of your lovers.

D. M.—There is such a breed of sheep as you describe, in which the tails grow to an abnormal size, and have to be supported on little carriages. Your informant has doubtless been drawing a little on his imagination in stating the weight to reach sixty pounds.

JACK.—If you do not care particularly for the young lady, there would be no harm in your gradually dropping her acquaintance; but it would be unwise for you to discuss the matter with your acquaintances, and make a neighborhood talk of it. Her treatment of you was very improper.

ALICE.—Take plenty of exercise; rise early and do not eat indigestible things; avoid pastry and sweets. (2). Plenty to do; earn your own living and be contented with your station in life, whatever it is. We presume you use the word "heartache" in its general sense and not as a physical pain.

PAMPAS.—(1) Many gentlemen raise their hats as a funeral passes; but most people are content to incline the head slightly and assume a quiet and respectfully grave air. There is no definite social law on the subject. (2). We presume you mean dandelion. The derivation is from dent de lion, "The lion's tooth."

DISTRESS.—Take courage; you are not the only lad of your age afflicted in the same way. Try to be a little less self-conscious, and you will soon lose the habit of blushing. It is almost constitutional with some persons; but it will wear off with time. Remember, you are nearly a man now, and assert yourself a little more.

H. W.—After doing all you can to win their assent to your marriage, if your efforts prove vain, it might be advisable for you to marry the young lady, and let time reconcile them to the event. She being of full age at the time she entered into the engagement with you with her parents' approval, they have no power to annul the agreement against her wishes.

STELL.—Your best plan would be to thoroughly saturate the violin with spirits of turpentine, going all over it with a sponge outside, and pouring some inside and shaking it well. Then lock it up in a close case for twenty-four hours. After this the worms will be destroyed; but the instrument may require revarnishing. Buy a good quality of turpentine, which will soon evaporate when exposed to the air.

NELLIE.—The man is a selfish person who would ruin you and cast you off. Do not believe one word he says; hold him at a distance, and he will wait for you. Better death than the fate he proposes for you. You would die a hundred deaths before your time, and you would end as an outcast. Confide in your mother, and for Heaven's sake do not let your love tempt you into taking the one awful and fatal step!

DAISY.—By washing the head and hair in borax water or sage tea. (2). By ammonia or strong brown soap. (3). You are from eighteen to twenty-five years of age. You are affectionate, good-natured, and fond of being well-dressed, and surrounded with pleasant things. Along with these good qualities you are at times careless and forgetful. Are we right? (4). Have nothing to do with the lottery in any shape.

Q. E. D.—The question was as to the fossil bones of man, and we repeat that no "truly fossil" remains have yet been found, though such a discovery is by no means unlikely, as but yet a very small part of the earth has been well investigated. The "remains" you speak of are no doubt the palæolithic weapons of which such enormous numbers have of late been found in the interglacial drift. The discovery of "remains" of this kind no more proves the existence of "truly fossil" bones of man than it proves twice two are five.

OLIVE.—The bark of the olive is bitter and astringent, and was formerly used medicinally; but is not so used now. Nor do we know of any other use to which it is put. The oil is obtained by expression from the fruit, which resembles a small plum, and when unripe and preserved in brine is eaten. The oil has nutritive and laxative properties. The common olive-tree is a native of the East, but is now naturalised and cultivated throughout the Mediterranean region. In the wild state it is an evergreen shrub or low tree, with spiny branches; under cultivation it is a tall tree without spines.

JUNO.—How very silly you are to cry out about the size of your waist! You have been studying some absurd book of fashions, and you have the idea that the female figure should resemble the wasp or the hour-glass. Your waist is only twenty-four inches round, and you are alarmed. Are you aware that the supremely beautiful model of feminine symmetry—the Venus of Milo—measures twenty-six inches round the waist? You are simply a well-built, strong girl, and your strength and robust proportions make you feel strange when you are among slimmer friends. When you become unwieldy, you may begin to moan; at present you have nothing to whimper about.

F. W.—You say, "I am getting on to the old maid list, and would like to know what to do to get a husband. Several years ago I met a gentleman who seemed to be in love with me, but we both left the place; and, though we have corresponded, he does not seem as he used to do. Is there anything I can do to revive his love? How often ought a gentleman to write who is in love? If they fail to write every week or two is that a proof that they have grown cold?" The way to get a husband is not to think too much about the matter, but to make yourself agreeable and useful in all proper ways to the people you know, and with whom you are brought in contact. Nothing frightens men away so much as an appearance of "husband hunting." We would not consider a man who wrote only once in two weeks a very ardent lover; but a personal interview might renew the flame.